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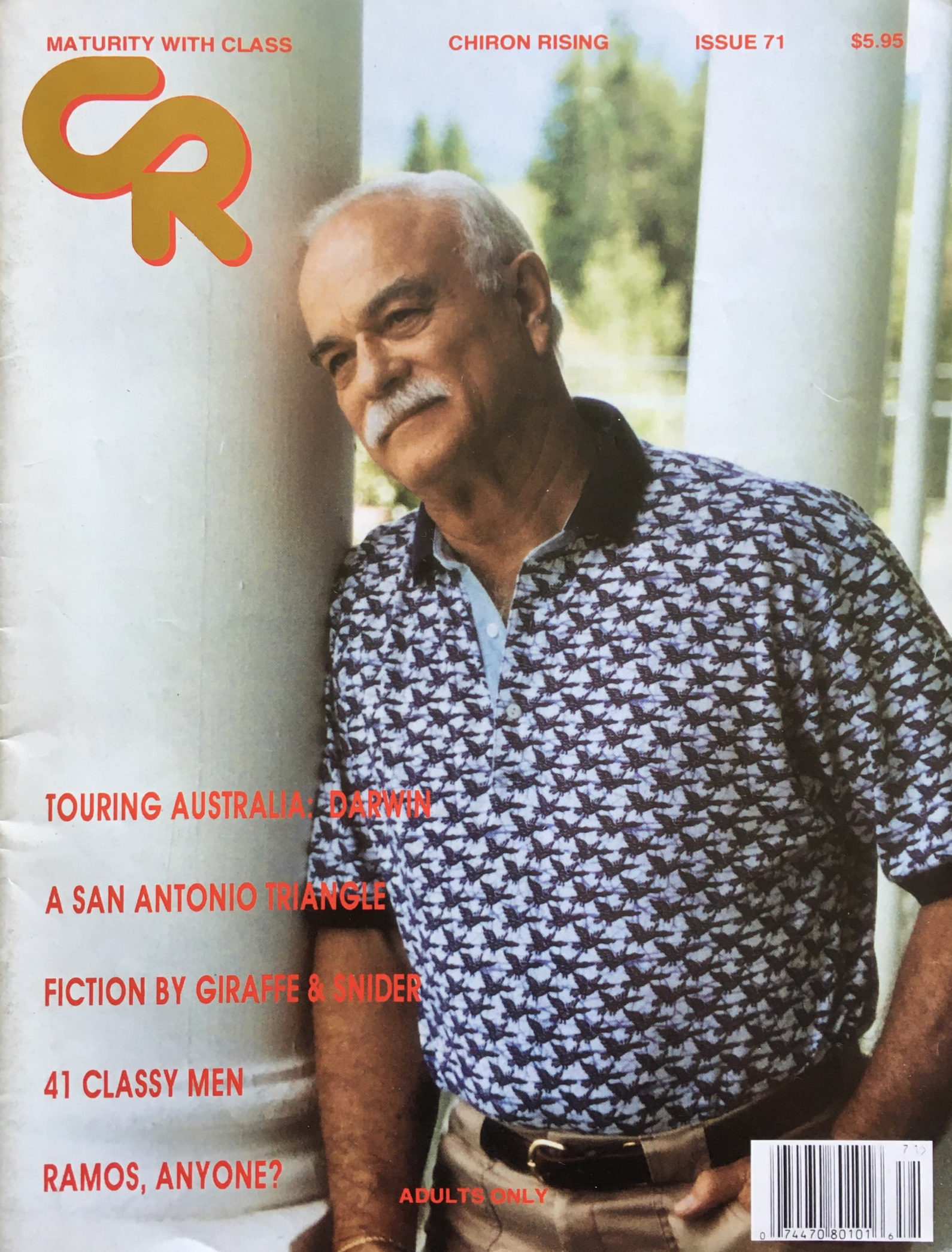

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CHIRON RISING® MAGAZINE
ISSUE 71

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CHIRON RISING Magazine (ISSN 1059-5244) is published bimonthly at Los Angeles, California, and is available at a yearly subscription rate of $38.00. Editorial offices are located at 4864 Luna, Phelan.

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FORUM

GIVING IT OUR BEST

In response to your reply to the unidentified former model (THE ZERO FACTOR, CR #69), I think there are many of us who have felt exactly as he does, and we can sympathize. I hope someone will help him see the wisdom of your reply. Do you or anyone you know play the piano? For months I went crazy trying to get a Bach two-part invention correct. I failed and failed and failed again; but I kept at it, and one day I was elated to find this relatively simple piece of music which had caused me so much anguish was suddenly "under my fingers." I met a man at the CR Gathering in Orlando. He invited me to open my pain and sorrow to him. Now I am going to San Francisco to try to find a new, happy, productive life with him. Will I succeed? Will *we* succeed? There are no promises, but we are going to give it our best. I wish I could sit down and write to this ex-model and tell him I understand. I am sure his letter touched many heart strings and many sore spots. Perhaps there isn't anyone out there for you or me, my friend, and perhaps I'm whistling in the dark. My heart is still broken, and sometimes I think I cannot live without Jim. Still I know, deep down, it is a greater tribute to my lost love that I do my best to get on with life, rather than commit suicide. Thanks in part to CR, I am trying. And who knows: might I not find life worthwhile again? NO KA OI/San Francisco.

NO KA OI and his new partner are doing quite well in San Francisco and will be attending the '96 Gathering in San Diego. Our burdens become heavy, but new starts can certainly make them more tolerable. Many new starts bring unexpected peace and happiness. PHC

STRADDLING THE POLITICAL FENCE

The best thing about your magazine (except for the hunks) is that you are apolitical. I can't tell whether you vote Republican, Democrat or Bull Moose. I'm sure that you realize that this makes good business sense. After all, why "urinate off" a large percentage of your fans and subscribers by taking political sides! Which brings me to a letter in the FORUM (CR #69, "Concerning the Gay Mystique"), page 7, column 3, line 54: "I have even encountered a few good Republicans." Probably, what the author really wanted to say was, *"I have always encountered many good Republicans."* I am, of course, happy to clarify this obvious mistake by Mr. Tebye. Hopefully, during this looooonnnngggg current election campaign, you will edit out these obvious errors. Harold/(location withheld)

Our apolitical stance isn't solely due to "good business sense." Through CR, we've learned to love and respect so many wonderful men from every part of the political spectrum. We have friends who are to the far left of Fidel Castro and others who think the world of Rush Limbaugh. We find their views quite fascinating and are enriched by their presence. CR is not the place for political views ***or*** *correctness. PHC*

LET'S HEAR IT FOR HILLCREST!

We have certainly enjoyed the previous two Gatherings and are looking forward to next year. Living in San Diego, we obviously think of *America's Finest City* as a beautiful spot to hold any event. Your description of the areas of interest in and around the San Diego area is quite complete with one notable exception: The Hillcrest area, which is less than 10 minutes from the hotel and is also in our humble opinion one of the nicest gay communities in the U.S. In addition to the many fine shops, gay establishments and colorful people, Hillcrest (along with the Gaslamp Quarter just a few minutes away) is considered to have many of San Diego's finest restaurants. I realize that many of the delegates are not gay and/or not interested in "the gay lifestyle" (whatever that really is); however, with the abundance of restaurants and for those who may be interested, it might be worthy of note. Dave & Tom/San Diego

INGREDIENTS FOR A SUCCESSFUL UNION

This is a partial reply to "Open Relationships." (FORUM, CR 69) Love, beyond definition and quantifying as it may well be, is the most important ingredient for the success of any union. However, it cannot survive without the firm support of trust, communication, respect, compatibility, and sex. Sex, the greatest gift two individuals can give each other, is actually the least important of the five supports. Without the others firmly in place, sex becomes little more than a two-hour romp in the sack, culminating in the release of semen. Compatibility is not just the mutual acceptance of dreams, hopes, desires, likes, and dislikes. It is also the mutual acceptance, whether we understand and approve or not, that each person has dreams, hopes, etcetera, that must be honored. Respect is the complete acceptance of each other's quirks, foibles, beliefs, fears, and idiosyncrasies. We may have difficulty living with them, we may gently chide at times, but we must never ridicule. To do so destroys one's persona. Communication is vital. There must always be a complete and totally open exchange of thoughts. Silence, answering a question with "whatever," replying to a complaint with, "But you never asked," will only lead to trouble. We must quietly, logically, intelligently discuss any and all subjects, without resorting to temper or a display of violence. To do any less will only doom a union. Trust, of all the supports, is the most important. Without trust, not even love will survive. We must have absolute trust that the other will adhere to all the mutually agreed parameters. We must have trust that when one breaks a parameter, it is freely and readily acknowledged. Monogamy is probably the greatest problem in trust; it must be rigidly defined. Personally, if I give my word that I will be monogamous, then I shall keep that pledge. When I make a vow, I expect to be trusted to keep it. I will not accept the additional ball and chain of jealousy and possessiveness as part of that agreement. I will not be owned! FLORES/Northern California

TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME ONLY

I am 28 years old and love older, mature men around 40-55 years old. It would be nice to see some younger, tall, dark, handsome, hairy men in good shape instead of 70-year-olds that weigh 300 pounds. The cover of issue #69 was pretty gross. But I do respect other men's tastes. Try and get some younger, good-looking businessmen types that are in good shape. Thanks. I do enjoy your mag. A.L./Southern California

Since DANNY BOY (CR #69 cover model) has the body of a 35-year-old runner with zero body fat and great looks, we can only assume that either A.L. has an aversion to Mickey Mouse caps or someone spiked his cereal with angel dust. PHC

THUMBS DOWN FOR 69

This is my second letter. I tore up the first because of the anger it carried which was uncalled for. But, while reading CHIRON RISING ON-LINE in CR #70, I find that I must comment on CR #69. I was disappointed in the make-up of that particular issue. Looking at the group picture of the gathering (and I am assuming that some were missing), it is apparent that the issue was to honor only a small percentage of your readers. I for one could never afford to attend one of the gatherings as, although I am in my seventies, I am still holding a full-time job. We in the ministry do not enter this profession for the monetary rewards. (My congregation is 90 percent gay/lesbian/bisexual, by the way.) I recognize that you desire to acknowledge and honor the volunteers, but it takes up space that I would find entertaining. I believe it is time to separate the two divisions: the convention department and the publishing department. I also suggest that a souvenir booklet for the Gathering might be apropos. I would appreciate your comments. LONE MONK

HOORAY FOR CR #69

I really loved CR #69, but not for the usual reasons. The photography and bios were very tasteful and were "softcore" enough that I could show it to other people who had not seen the magazine before. It was nice to have an issue that enabled me to gently introduce the magazine to others who aren't accustomed to a great deal of nudity, erotic art and fiction, etc., but are primarily interested in networking with other people. In particular, I was able to share the issue with my partner of ten plus years, who has encountered other gay erotic periodicals in the past and has been completely turned off. I have been concerned up until now that he might have the same initial reaction to regular CR issues and not be able to see beyond the surface. With this issue of CR, however, we were able to share it together and even jointly wrote a letter to one of the couples featured. I would suggest that you publish a similar issue each year after the CR convention, because I think that ultimately it will enable you to reach a larger audience and expand your readership—perhaps a post-convention issue. Enjoyed the video "Quadraplex," especially the doctor sketch. Does most insurance cover that sort of treatment? B.M./Washington

1414 - THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

I was the proud co-host of Room 1414 (FORUM, CR #69 and 70) and am disturbed by rumors of the room being trashed. After a short tiding up, I slept in that room every night! Our attendees were CR gentlemen, not diseased spring break hoodlums. Ask anyone who was there. I asked those in 1413 and 1415, and they were unaware of any disturbances. Upon entering, each man was given a grocery sack and told the rules: no smoking and no anal sex! I question anyone's thinking this was a free cocktail party. Also, the rooms were lit by 20-watt blue bulbs. A second door obstructed direct view into the rooms from the hallway. With promises of financial support, I had intended to come to San Diego and try to provide a $275-$400 per night suite (yes, there is a 1414 there!). My concern was for medical emergencies or fire. Also, I was made aware of a subversive plot to make me the dupe of a plan to crash the event and cause discredit to CR, which I love and support. As a result, I will not attend Gathering '96 and risk any embarrassment to Pat and his staff by my presence. Again, rooms 2439 in Vegas and 1414 in Orlando were only intended to bring willing persons together. If you don't approve of this behavior, don't attend. "Judge not," as the Bible says. My love, respect, and support to all of the mature gentlemen who help make this a beautiful world. Jim Bennett/Texas (name NOT withheld)

Since receiving the above letter from Jim, I have called the hotel to get details of how they felt about 1414. Apparently there was no trashing. The hotel's main concern were the indiscreet public comments about the "CR Orgy Room." I humbly apologize to both sponsors of 1414 for giving our readers the impression that the room was left in bad condition. That was very unprofessional of me. Next time, I will do more fact-checking. On another note, I also heard of the plot Jim speaks of, but lately I've been told that the plan has been abandoned. In any event, our elaborate (and expensive) security plan still goes. PHC

GETTING IT RIGHT ... AND VERY RIGHT

Please note: you have my city listed as Ft. Meyers. There *is* no Ft. Meyers. The correct spelling is Ft. Myers. Do you think you can correct this? Thank you. R.M./Ft. Myers

Perhaps this has never been brought to your attention before, but we prefer to spell out the "Fort" in Fort Myers. The abbreviation might be okay for Ft. Lauderdale, but not here. R.S./Fort Myers

THE SINKING OF *CRONUS*

Okay, so you failed with *CRonus* and you were fanned out with the book publishing company. Now you know: most of us aren't into porn, nor do we particularly enjoy reading books. But, oh God, how we love CR! Your loyal readers are legion and throw you kisses from as far away as Japan, Brazil, Israel and Thailand (judging from my mail), but if we readers know you at all, we predict you'll not become complacent. I'll bet you're champin' at the bit to ascend to greater heights. Who better then than CR's creator to use his clout and new corporation to address: 1) low-key alternative lifestyle retirement communities, and 2) a non-political social and support organization for senior men and admirers living in remote and rural areas. You certainly have my support, and I'll wager that additional support would flood in if there was a CR-blessed, concerted effort. W.M./Los Angeles

Retirement communities, anyone? So many good people have tried and are still trying, but nothing is up and running yet that I know of. There is a move afoot to start a new social and support organization for seniors and admirers in remote and rural areas, however. Based on tentative information presented to me, it appears to be designed to take up where the existing social organizations (mostly urban) leave off. See IN CLOSING in this issue for more information. PHC

SURVIVING CANCER

I read the article by Dick Collins on surviving prostate cancer (CR #69). I had a similar experience last year when I went in for a prostatectomy. It was a procedure performed by inserting a tube into the penis. A biopsy indicated that the tissue was malignant. Of the post-surgical options presented to me, I chose hormonal treatment. I've been receiving a monthly shot and just learned that my PSA is less than one. Very good news! I escaped the barrage of bills described by Mr. Collins, as I am a member of a great HMO. You may tell your readers that I too am living with cancer. PALO VERDE PAL/Arizona

It's been a while since I subscribed, since I was suffering from colon cancer. But I beat it and am now free and clear. Please send me info on renewing, as I really missed your publication. C.E./Texas

There are currently seven C-Risers we know about who are waging a life or death battle against cancer. Two are men Bruce and I dearly love. Of course, many many more choose not to tell us. While writing this, I stopped to call a VIP subscriber in Georgia who just advised us he had terminal cancer of the liver. He'd given us instructions to cancel his subscription and to give his credit to the needy. I asked him not to close himself off from our network. I'm going to call him whenever an issue is ready to go out and verify that he's healthy enough to receive and enjoy it. We can't allow these ailing family members to be sent off to die. They need to laugh, to be held, to be included in CR Family life, right up until the end. PH

CAN'T RAIN ON HIS PARADE

I was sitting here looking at your wonderful publication (CR #69) when it dawned on me: Why not spend my vacation next year at your San Diego Gathering? It appears to be a good time, and I'll get a chance to meet a bunch of new men—maybe even Mr. Right. I just got out of a long-time relationship of 22 years. So why not? It's better than sitting around here with all the conservative farmers. I'll probably have a good time too. So, if you would be so kind as to send me a couple of the proper forms to fill out, I'll try to get them right back to you. Keep up the great work. Your magazines are my favorite. I'm really into older, more mature men. I'm 45 myself and I need a steady relationship with someone. The man I loved for 22 years walked out on me when I had a stroke in February, 1994. I guess he just had a hard time dealing with getting older, so he packed up his things and our joint savings and checking accounts, and off he went. I still don't know where he went, and I don't really care either. Well, that's all another story, and I'm sure you're not interested in it. Look forward to San Diego. W.M./Rural Illinois

We're very much interested in W.M.'s story. As a matter of fact, I would love to shake his hand and commend him for not allowing himself to be overcome by bitterness. The guy has to be a bundle of positive energy. Something tells me that whoever get's connected with W.M. at Gathering '96 is going to be a very lucky fellow. PHC

CREDITS AND CRONUS

I know from the symbol on the mailing cover that I am long due a refund. I have no idea, however, the amount. If you had a practice of indicating the amount of this refund, I could have easily deducted it from the enclosed check. Or, if it is enough to buy an additional issue, I would happily go along with that. I suspect the amount is trivial. If it is less than $5, I suggest that you throw it into your "miscellaneous fund for whatever." Except for *CRonus*, which did not appeal to me at all, I love your CR publication so much I am skipping dinner tonight to pay for my renewal. Gourmet food is expensive, you know. Penpal Don Charles said he liked *CRonus* and was surprised to see it fail, so I sent my copy to him to entice one of his other friends into a subscription. I will be 79 before year's end, yet I hope one day to attend a Spring Gathering. My life partner, lucky to be alive, is not yet recovered from six-bypass surgery, and there is no family member or friend to temporarily fill my shoes were I to come to San Diego. I must compliment you on your new slick finish for #70, as well as publishing such comehitherish models as J.R. OF TEXAS and BOOM. I've never seen better portraits. Yours for continued success, T.C./Virginia

T.C. has a good point about credit balances. Effective immediately, a subscriber's credit balance will be shown on his mailing label in place of "(C)." That way, he can apply such credit at any time or request a refund. Handsome cover model Don Charles is a great CR supporter and king of the penpals. Quite a few CR subscribers found out about us through him. PHC

VIP STATUS

My friend who lives at the same address as I do and subscribes to your magazine wonders why, after signing us up for next year's Gathering (we were both in Orlando), I have not been given VIP status. He has it! L.O./Northern California

According to our records, both men have VIP status. We haven't the resources to confirm VIP status to non-subscribers. Rule of thumb: if you have attended two or more gatherings or have spent over $200 on CR products and services, you are a VIP. Subscriber and non-subscriber VIPs will be identified as such on Gathering '96 badges. PHC

VILE DISCRIMINATION

I would just like to tell you how much enjoyment and encouragement I receive from reading CR. Being in my mid-50s I still long to find a lifemate. But being from the Midwest and in *(profession withheld)*, it is extremely hard to meet the type of mature man that I am looking for who has similar interests. CR has shown that there are exciting mature men out there if only we can meet. HERMAN THE GERMAN—a friend from the past before he became famous—suggested that I put an ad in CR. I hesitate getting involved with anyone before I can find employment. I have a Ph.D. in *(withheld)*. I worked for a *(withheld)* company for 15 years, but my employment was terminated when they found out I was gay. Friends have said that I should have taken the company to court. How do you sue someone and still remain in the "closet?" I believe the company knew that I couldn't fight the dismissal. People in *(withheld)* are generally conservative, so it would be nearly impossible to function in my profession if they knew I was gay. When I have a job interview now, the first question is, "Why did you leave your last employer?" It's become a severe problem. Any suggestions and help will be much appreciated. SCREWED & TATTOOED

I'm no Ann Landers, but I felt that I had to respond to S & T as soon as possible. The following are excerpts from my letter. If any of our readers want to supplement or supersede my advice, please write to S & T c/o CR.

The termination by your last employer really angered me. I fully agree with your friends, but I can also understand your reluctance in taking the company to court. Did your firm terminate you based on hearsay, or did you become exposed? If no one can prove that you are gay, then you probably should file suit against them. The burden of proof is on them. If you don't do this, your silence will no doubt seem a confirmation of "guilt." People talk, and you might find yourself in a situation where you'll never find a job in your industry again—especially in that part of the country. There is a time to be passive and a time to fight. I get the feeling that if you don't fight, you may have to kiss your career good-bye. You say you want to remain in the closet, but your ex-employer may have already dragged you out of it. Keep us informed on what happens. PHC

A MAN OF NO IMPORTANCE ...IS VERY IMPORTANT

by FINNEY EDWARDS

My jaw hit the table the first time I saw advertisements for the latest Albert Finney film. My heart skipped a beat at the sight of him dressed as a working class bus driver. To those of you who know me by now, you know that my pen name here is partially in honor of "our dear Albert." I admire him both as a world-class actor and as a mature man of wondrous proportions. (Sigh ...)

A Man Of No Importance upholds my belief that Albert Finney is indeed one of the great actors of our times. If you are unfamiliar with his work, go out and rent *The Dresser* or *Under The Volcano*. Finney has few peers.

So is this a movie review? Well, sort of. Finney plays the part of Alfie Byrne, a middle-aged bus ticket agent in Dublin of the early 1960s. Alfie is a frustrated amateur actor-director who performs for his passengers, reading poetry and plays enroute. These working class heroes appreciate Alfie's intelligence and become a circle of friends. Subplots abound: Alfie lives in the same building with his sister and her friend/lover, the butcher (also part of Alfie's acting troupe), who questions Alfie's single status at such an age. Life becomes involved as Alfie attempts to stage Oscar Wilde's *Salome*—complete with its references to sexuality and religious blasphemy—under the nose of the church. Alfie's acting troupe, of course, is cherry-picked from his loyal daily bus loads of passengers. But is this a gay film? Keep reading: Alfie comes to grips with his infatuation with Robbie, a tall and attractive younger man who is the driver of Alfie's bus.

Alfie tries to come to grips with his homosexuality, but ultimately his dedication to Oscar Wilde draws him boldly and near-fatally out of the closet. Resilient as only a bus attendant could be, he dusts himself off and jumps back on the bronco of life that is his bus route, facing the ridicule of peers and simultaneously reveling in the overwhelming support from his "fans," his riders on the bus. Alfie even has a laugh on himself while trying to commit suicide (he jumps off a pier, only to land in knee-deep water), commenting to himself, "What a funny little man you are."

Alfie's public proclamation of independence for "the love that dare not be spoken" made this supporter of intergenerational relations nearly stand up and cheer in the theater. Wow!

Alfie is wondrously tragic, a grand character in the tradition of many homosexual clichés, yet with an encouraging twist: though Alfie is closeted, unsure of himself and questioning, he is simultaneously happy, bold and unafraid. Some critics have underplayed the film's brilliant script because of this blind optimism. The film, however, depicts the crossroads of society in the early 60s, many not understanding Alfie's needs, but accepting his good-hearted soul.

This is a great moment for intergenerational relations among men. For the first time in memory, the topic is being dealt with in a most visible, broad-based and impactful public forum. I would like to send my parents to see this film. Finney's performance is exemplary. There are moments in *A Man Of No Importance* which are every bit as powerful as Finney's benchmark, *The Dresser*. And the ensemble playing of the supporting cast is equal that of the finest Broadway plays.

Actually, there are similarities to *The Dresser* throughout the script. The main difference between the two films is that in this one Finney plays an actor who never really had an acting career and is just learning to live, while the character in *The Dresser* was coming to grips with the end of his successful acting career.

Go see *A Man Of No Importance*. It is an important film for the gay community as a whole and our segment in particular. For once, a film has been made about intergenerational male/male love, and the final message is that it is okay with most people.

FINNEY EDWARDS is single, 30ish, very handsome and utterly charming. He's a communications specialist in San Francisco and (under another name) a music critic for various other national publications. He is presently working on an in-depth article on our very own MARSHAL.

SEXUALITY AND DYSFUNCTION

by Paul M. Culton

What is the most important sex organ? Few people would answer, "The brain." But where would we be without fantasies? And how would we become aroused without anticipation? Overintellectualizing, on the other hand, can introduce performance anxiety and seriously interfere with a sexual experience. And it would be very difficult for most of us to function sexually with someone we considered undesirable. However it influences us, the brain plays a very important role in sex.

But to acknowledge the brain's activity is not to ignore the involvement of physical elements. For example, our senses perform an indispensable part in arousal and stimulation. Seeing someone attractive, hearing a "sexy " voice, touching and being touched, and even taste and smell are often very significant. And every part of the human body has, at one time or another, contributed to sexual experience. Even when we impose limitations upon ourselves, the potential still exists, waiting to be explored and discovered.

However, it is possible for circumstances beyond our control to force us to alter the ways we give and receive pleasure. Illness, injury, advancing age, or disability can impair or block functions we may consider vital to successful sexual experience. Problems with the prostate gland, for example, may lead to surgery and the loss of ability to achieve an erection. Sensual deprivation may interfere with some avenues of arousal and stimulation. Diabetes can cause a loss of vision, or sensitivity in the fingers may be diminished. And spinal cord injury often results in inability to use the arms and legs and the absence of feeling in some parts of the body. Deafness may cause communication to become an issue in a sexual relationship. And the aging process sometimes brings about physical changes that have no effect on sexual desire but may modify some of the ways we satisfy or express that desire.

Among those of us who experience sudden or gradual limitations on sexual functioning, reactions differ widely. Many of us find alternative ways to enjoy a life rich in satisfying sexual experiences. Others may choose to give up all sexual activity or to impose unnecessary limitations on themselves. And some sink into depression or drift into despair. In truth, even though our loss may cause an initial shock or impairment of function, those negative feelings should be temporary. There is no need to lose our self-esteem or slip into a life of self-denial and emotional pain.

There is a great deal we can do to compensate for our loss by using our imagination and some experimentation to take advantage of our remaining abilities. For instance, among most deaf people and blind people, the senses of touch and smell are enhanced. Increased physical contact with every part of the body can fully involve the sense of touch, and arousal can be enhanced by using not only hands and fingers, but tongue, lips, and many other parts of the body to provide greater variety and heightened pleasure. The sense of smell can be brought into play by introducing artificial scent or by eliminating it to allow the body's natural aroma to elevate desire. If your partner is deaf, remember that turning off the lights may cut off communication and create discomfort. On the other hand, it may enhance excitement by increasing focus on smell, touch, and other stimuli. The deaf partner should decide. Similarly, a blind partner may prefer to keep conversation going as a means of assurance that you are still there and knowing where you are; or he may prefer quiet to permit touch and smell to have their full effect. In either case—with a blind partner or a deaf partner—touch is very important, and contact should never be interrupted.

Even greater challenges may face physically limited people and their partners. Loss of function and absence of sensation call for ingenuity and creativity in substituting some parts of the body for others. Those who can't use their hands and fingers may still be able to use their mouths and tongues. Experimentation will reveal ways that are most effective and desirable. Similarly, those who have lost sensation in the groin area and are unable to achieve an erection—or those who still have feeling in that area but nevertheless can't experience an erection—also must do some exploration. In addition to the penis, other areas of the body are rich in nerve endings near the surface and are therefore very sensitive. Stimulation of the nipples, earlobes, or mouth, for example, can bring a partner to orgasm. And often one or more of those areas becomes more sensitive when the penis is no longer an option. It should be noted here that alcohol and certain other drugs have a dulling effect, and it is more likely that such experimentation and exploration will be effective without them rather than with them, at least initially.

The physical effects of dysfunction upon the enjoyment of sexual pleasure are very often less significant than the psychological effects. Loss of a partner or difficulty in finding a partner or loss of self-esteem from being unable to participate in the same way as before can be devastating. When that happens it is important to build a network of trusted friends for emotional support and seek out others who have had a similar loss of function and have learned to cope with it. In some cases professional counseling may be very helpful. Painful feelings must be acknowledged and dealt with; new, positive feelings must be nurtured. Positive activity must replace the understandable but destructive tendency to do nothing. Developing a realistic plan and implementing it can transform a potential disaster into a challenge and a victory.

These are a few suggestions regarding sexuality and dysfunction. Time and space limitations do not permit more detailed and extensive discussion. For more specific recommendations it would be wise to consult a professional or a person whose experience has been similar to your own. But this article is presented in the hope of encouraging people with disabilities to find ways of enjoying active and satisfying sexual lives.

PAUL M. CULTON, Ed.D., is a counselor for college students with disabilities. He has had 39 years of professional service to disabled people. He's single and lives and works in the Los Angeles area.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NEED A ROOMMATE FOR THE GATHERING IN SAN DIEGO?

All you have to do is send us a note stating that you would like to be paired with a roommate. Include your name, address, telephone number, and whether or not you prefer a nonsmoker. That's it. We will randomly assign your roommate and send both of you a notice with each of your names, addresses and telephone numbers.

If you would like to be paired with someone of a certain age group or body size or sexual interest, please use the classifieds.

THE COVER PRICE INCREASE

Well, the feedback from our bookstore buyers has been quite positive about the proposed cover price increase from $5.95 to $6.95. We will therefore implement the change effective with CR #72, which will come out in February, 1996. **Again, please understand that there will be no price increase for subscriptions.**

ORLANDO '95 - THE VIDEO

It's a great video, but it isn't in stereophonic sound, as we so grandly stated in CR #70. As a result, we have lowered the price to $19.95, which is a great bargain. If you attended the '95 Gathering in Orlando, relive the experience through "ORLANDO '95." If you didn't attend but want to find out what everyone is still raving about, send in your order today.

STAFF CHANGES

BRUCE VAUGHAN has been appointed co-publisher of *Chiron Rising* and *CR Classics* magazines, as well as Vice President of Operations for Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. BRUCE conjured up the idea of a magazine for older men and admirers and financed the formation of SWAN back in 1986. Since then, he has played an integral part in directing our transformation from newsletter to rag to zine to major publication. He is a retired Air Force Lieutanant Colonel and banking officer and is 74 going on 40.

MARSH CASSADY will assume the salaried position of EDITOR for *Chiron Rising* and *CR Classics* magazines. MARSH is the distinguished author of over 40 books ranging in subject matter from science fiction to college textbooks. He holds a Ph. D. in theater and has been a literary magazine publisher/editor as well as a university professor. This change will preclude the need for contract editing and provide a sole-source contact for authors. We profoundly thank our previous contract editors for the marvelous job they have done for us over the years. Since all are excellent writers too, we look forward to working with them as authors.

JOE O'CONNELL has been appointed office manager for Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. JOE approached us with an offer for volunteer work, but we quickly found out that he could be a valuable asset to us as office manager. He is a retired communications professional.

DICK KASAKAITIS has been appointed Chief Financial Officer of Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. Dick has done our personal and payroll taxes for many years and has given us a wealth of sound financial advice.

PATRICK H. COLLEY will retain the position of co-publisher and editor in chief of *Chiron Rising* and *CR Classics* magazines and will assume the position of President and CEO of Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.

GATHERING '96 DIRECTORS

The following appointments have been made for the Spring '96 Gathering in San Diego:

CARL LAWRENCE, San Francisco, Director of Food and Beverage Services. He will be the sole CR laison with Town & Country's catering department.

JOHN BENNETT, San Francisco, Director of Workshops. He will coordinate the scheduling and implementation of workshops and the art exhibit.

ART MADDOX, Oregon, Director of Entertainment. He will produce and direct the Sunday night dinner show and supervise all other entertainment.

STEVE BATES, Chicago, Director of Audio-Visual Services. He will supervise the placement and operation of all audio-visual equipment required for all functions.

GARY BLOWERS, Los Angeles, Director of Security and Hosting. He will supervise both hotel and CR security personnel as well as CR hosts.

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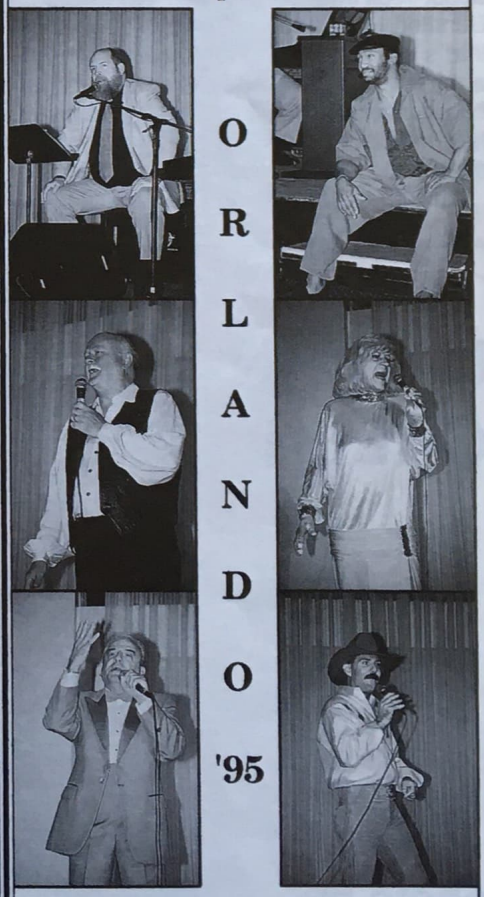


ALL PHOTOS BY MACRO

See ordering instructions on page 56.

TOURING AUSTRALIA WITH OUTBACK JACK

—DARWIN—

G'day Pat & Bruce: Winter doesn't exist up here. It's so bloody hot—32° C (over 90° F)—every day and just a fraction uncomfortable for this southern bloke. But I keep reminding myself it's 15° C and raining in Adelaide, and I feel wonderful about being bare-assed at Casuarina Beach. Should one happen to wander further up the beach to the creek, there's every chance to see more cocks than crocs! Yes, that's the naughty end of the beach, and I love it! Ha!

A week has passed already of my three-week tropical adventure, my first time in Darwin, so it's quite a world away from what I'm used to.

Over the QEII weekend, the Top End queens had a "drag ball" which was a shriek. It didn't quite reach the expectations of the "Priscilla Tour," but it was okay for the effort.

Yesterday I organised a "candlelight lunch" out at Litchfield National Park, about 100k from Darwin—and it's croc free! Bundled four mates with QEII hangovers into a car and headed for the park at 8:00 a.m. with a superb array of salads in the boot for the picnic lunch. There are spectacular falls, crystal-clear pools in which to swim, hiking trails through the tropical jungle ... and all this so near to Darwin.

Tomorrow I'm off to Katherine Gorge for three days, staying at the historical Springvale Homestead, which was built in 1880 (hope the beds are 1990!). Will be canoeing, hiking and swimming the gorge. Hope this old body can cope with such a butch itinerary.

There was a Greek festival over the weekend, so I went along and really enjoyed the dancing, music and food. Every Thursday Darwin has a huge open air market down by the Casino. There are food stalls of every ethnic origin ever to land there. And did I pig out!

Just arrived back in Darwin from Katherine Gorge, which is about 180 miles south of Darwin in the "Never Never Land." The spectacular gorge has an awesome power about it. Huge rock walls either side of the river dwarf you whilst paddling a canoe through the thirteen sections of the gorge separated by rapids.

Freshwater crocodiles inhabit the gorge, but you can safely swim the river, as they aren't maneaters. But you swim with a feeling of being watched constantly. The saltwater crocodile is the maneater and mostly inhabits the tidal rivers and creeks. Often they are found around the Darwin beaches and harbor. If you're a beach lover, you tread warily close to shore. It does take the gloss off enjoying a day at the beaut nude beach, which is about ten miles from the city.

Apart from the Train Bar and a disco on weekends, the gay scene is low key, but Casuarina Beach was my HOT SPOT! So I have a few more days at the beach amongst the mangroves bare-assed, mingling with the Top End pooftas.

The seasons are dry and wet, not four seasons like sound south. The temperature is constant at 90° F all throughout the dry season, which is May to October.

Have met some friendly blokes from the Top End, which all helps to make one's holiday fantastic.

I'll be leaving the tropical north in a couple of days and switching seasons by a three-hour flight back to Adelaide ...and winter!

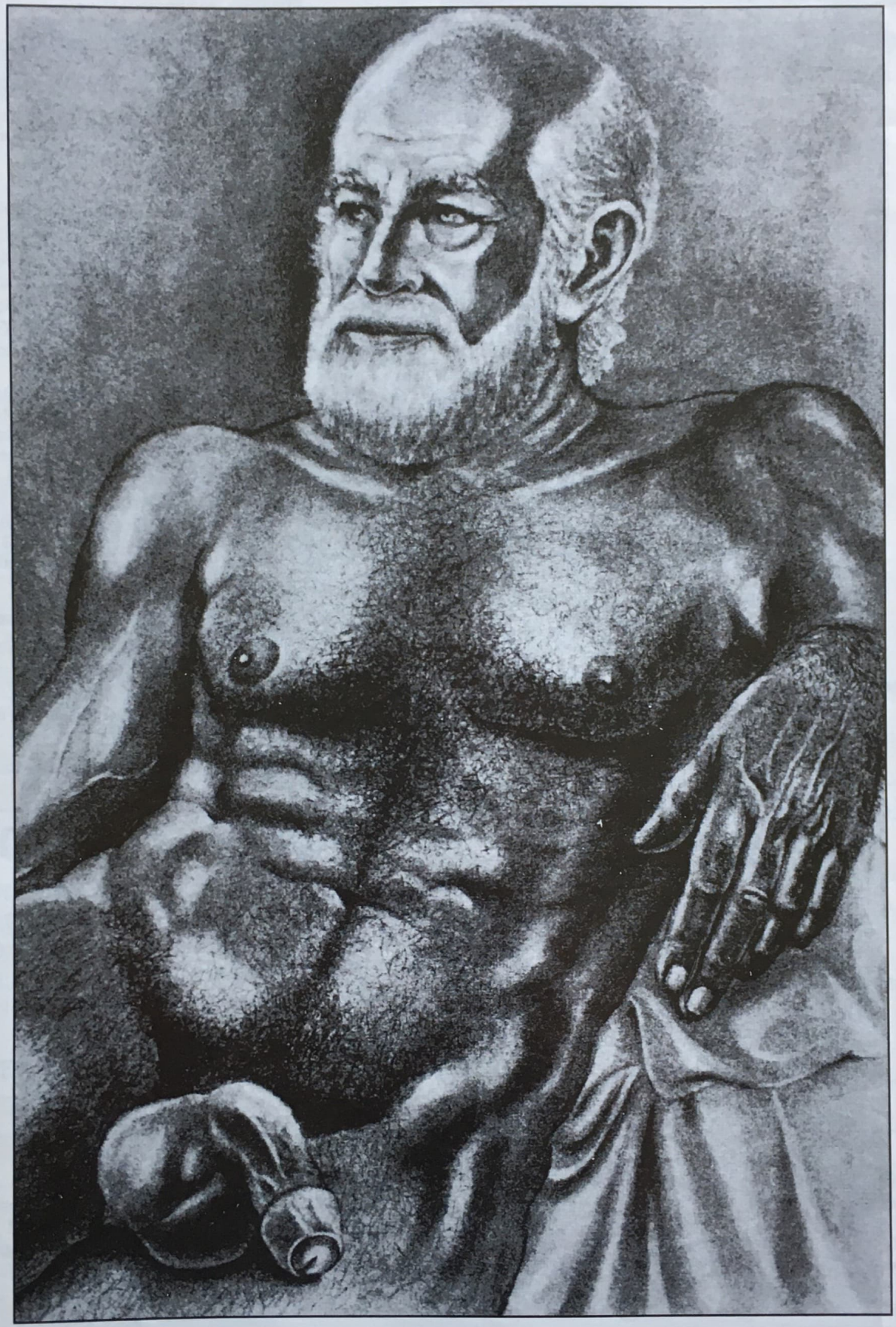
If one is a sunset buff, Darwin has magnificent sunsets, and champagne popping by tourists is very popular whilst watching the sun sink over the ocean.

Hope everything is jake in Victorville and you're both enjoying life.

OUTBACK JACK is Mr. CR in Australia. He's been with us for the long haul and has supplied us with a cornucopia of photos and outrageous stories about his travels throughout Oz. See this stunning example of rugged manhood in CR #68, page 27.

NATHAN GREEN

photo by shutterhug



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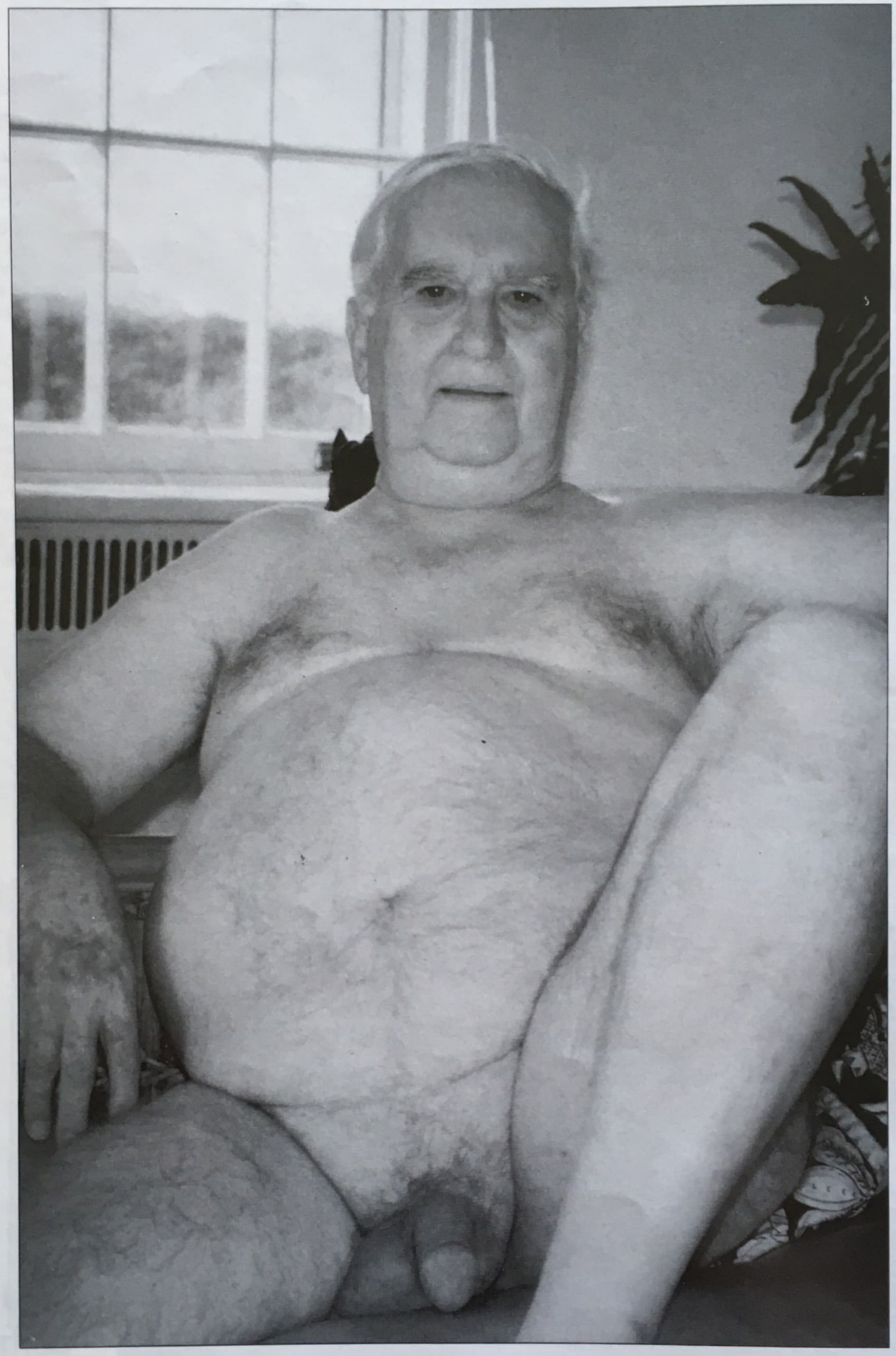

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After identifying those descriptions of most interest, they send for a full page profile, filled out by each member. This has more specific additional information, for insight into his character and tastes, and the means of contact.

Annual membership is $36 including 5 bi-monthly updates of new members; profiles are $1 for the first, and 50¢ for each additional. Members with a positive HIV status pay a flat fee of $15, while applications enclosing copy of a check for a *Chiron Rising* subscription can deduct $10 from our fee.

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HOW?

ALL YOUR LITTLE NAGGING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

Suppose the code on your address label says: 12/96 S V (4.25). The date (12/96) indicates when your last issue will arrive. The "S" signifies that you will automatically receive all interim CR CLASSICS issues until your subscription expires. The "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a longtime supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. The "4.25" means that you have a $4.25 credit due. Credit will be applied to your subscription if you do not use it against a purchase by the last issue of your subscription. Disregard any other notations.

WHAT PRODUCTS DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINES:

Chiron Rising (pronounced KY-RON)- a mildly erotic relationship and contact-oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

CR Classics - a soft core erotic, entertainment-oriented publication featuring fiction, photography and artwork.

ADULT VIDEOS:

"Quadraplex", starring ROB DADEO and SYRINX. Three hilarious and ultra-hot skits featuring some of the funniest improv lines ever heard on an erotic video. Both men are mature and husky.

"Mojave", starring HERMAN THE GERMAN, ZEEK, and SYRINX. Silver-topped, brawny, handsome and hung HERMAN is teamed with young Greek god-like ZEEK. A masterpiece of romance and awesome passion. Also includes a short "mystery" complete with a crime, an incredible fantasy, and a shocker ending. Original score by Marshal.

"The Gallery," featuring RAM's entire repertory along with models AL, NICK, MOONDOOG, SYRINX and DADDY THICKDICK. SYRINX is lured to a transcendental art exhibit where images, fantasies and reality merge against a stereophonic tapestry of music by Bach, Holtz, Debussy, Strauss, Dupré, Bartók, Vierne and Khachiturian. Indescribable ending. Like nothing you've ever seen.

BOOKS:

Quincunx ... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to track and chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**.

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND SHIP?

CR - During the first ten days of each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the fifth and the fifteenth of the month. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the third or fourth week of the month. *CR CLASSICS* - During the first ten days of May and November. Mailing and shipping intervals are the same as above.

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send us a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious penetration, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing too far away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you). If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash) AFTER it is published. Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

HOW TO BECOME A SWAN VIDEO MODEL

If you're a real sizzler who isn't shy in front of a video camera and can handle stardom, send us some photos. C-Risers, any age, any size, any color. Couples still in the throes of wild passion are especially of interest. Liberal compensation, plus expenses.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS, WRITERS, ETC.

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the model/writer/etc. in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

If you have never been published in CR and would like to submit fiction or nonfiction, please carefully study what we publish and provide an outline or synopsis of the work you wish us to consider. Note that we do not publish routine porn fiction like most other alternative magazines. We seek unique material, erotic and otherwise, with strong, vivid characterizations. If we invite you to submit your material for consideration, it must be highly polished and absolutely the best you can do. Queries should be sent to Chiron Rising Publications, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92373, Attention: Marsh Cassady, Senior Editor.

JELLY ROLL BLUES

by Giraffe

"Like a silver dollar goes from hand to hand a woman goes from man to man." Old Song

I got a letter from Hanna today. After almost twenty years we still keep in touch. She writes that she has decided not to return to San Francisco and will stay on in Los Angeles. She has mastered her grief after the loss of her second husband and is engaged to marry one of his business associates. She feels she needs a companion through the golden years facing her. Paul reminds me that it's only to be expected of Hanna, taking another man. I mull over the time that I was with her.

Not long after Stonewall and Woodstock, I was fairly attractive, trim and energetic, hair prematurely silver but neatly shorn, beard trimmed; not a Hippie, I appeared conventional and straight, wore a suit and tie to work. However, I was facing the half-century mark in a couple of years, leaving a marriage on the rocks, and tentatively coming out, after years of closeted repression, and adjusting to my new sexual identity. In the midst of all this, I changed jobs. Gossip in the new office was that I had left my wife in the suburbs after the kids were grown and moved to a studio apartment in the city. I was making good money as a senior programmer-analyst, but did have to pay alimony.

I met Paul, friendly, affable and modest, in a gay bar on a side street downtown, and immediately began to daydream about him as a possible lover. He was just thirty, burly and boyish, with soft brown hair, dimples when he smiled, and gentle gray eyes. We liked to talk about the same things: books and music and food. But I was new to the game and didn't know how to approach him with my day-dreams.

That's when Hanna set her sights on me. Hanna was a predatory vixen in the technical writing group at work. She had been sleeping with the minor executive who hired me, but he transferred to another office and then got married within a month, so Hanna was dumped high and dry, ready for her next man. She found out what she needed to know about me and zeroed in before I was even sure of her name.

Hanna described herself as twenty-nine going on forty. She was fair, slender and relentless, with bright copper-colored hair. I don't know how she managed it, but she wangled a transfer to my project. We had no need for a technical writer. We worked with software packages and the vendors supplied documentation. However, she took a desk in our area and did secretarial stuff: typed memos, filed papers, maintained her manicure.

We began having lunch together and went out for drinks after work. To avoid the hangouts of the other office people, I suggested the gay bar on the side street where I thought I might be able to get closer to Paul. But he stayed cool and distant because I was now accompanied by an attentive woman. I became confused and uncertain and considered abandoning the whole coming out process, retreating to a new closet. Hanna showed warm understanding. I didn't realize at the time that I was a challenge to her. She had that woman's self-confidence: *"If this boy thinks he is gay, I am just the chick to straighten him out."* She initiated her project by wedging herself firmly between Paul and me, then she led me to other bistros. I found out that I was not quite finished with my old sexual identity, just yet.

She dazzled me, but took her time. She understood that I was not free, that I had only a legal separation from my wife and technically was still married. We dined together, saw shows, listened to music. I enjoyed her energy and the traces of a country accent in her quirky conversation. I learned about her inordinate love for jazz and vodka.

One night we necked in the back seat of the cab when I was seeing her home after a play. She invited me in to her flat for a night-cap, but I refused because I had the taxi waiting. The next week she made it happen. After a Sunday matinee we decided to have cocktails at her place. Hanna's plans worked perfectly, and I "seduced" her that afternoon.

I had prided myself that in marriage I had learned to be a skilled lover with a wide repertory of techniques. She responded to them all and taught me others a little more athletic. She liked to be on top. We could be totally free in those pre-AIDS party years because she was "on the pill". We slept together regularly in her apartment and became the talk of the office.

We had a couple of tiffs that went on for a week or so. One time she decided to make a special dinner for us and chose the most elaborate recipe in her gourmet cookbook. It called for a series of preparations that involved artichokes, mushrooms, veal and wine along with other stuff. It never got finished. At each new step in the procedure she became more intimidated by the complicated instructions and fortified herself with another double vodka on the rocks. Finally, she became so fortified that I had to support her to the bed, while she bemoaned her failure to prepare the great intimate dinner. She collapsed on the quilt fully clothed and passed out. I turned off the stove, left the mess in her kitchen and climbed the long miles home, sobering in the fog. She called in sick the next day, and we didn't speak to each other for a couple of weeks, except with formal civility. Somehow, she blamed me for the failure of her dinner.

During that interval, I got together with patient Paul a few times. He looked me directly in the eyes and asked me to spend the night at his place. Unlike the marriage, I didn't have to learn new techniques to be his lover; my own desires and instincts took over quite correctly. Before Paul, my experiences with men had been only a few stolen, frustrating hours at Jack's Baths. But there was nothing frustrating about Paul. Dozing all the loving night with arms around this smooth, warm man, without worrying about age-rejection or leaving on time, was the most completely satisfying and rewarding experience of my life. I was ambivalent about my reactions, chagrined that I didn't feel as guilty as a suburban closet queen.

Hanna, having no one else just then, persevered in her claim on me. We went to supper one Friday after work and then up to my studio to hear some new jazz records. That night she slept at my place for the first and only time. In the morning, we were bickering about making coffee when the phone rang. I was called in to the office to restart a computer system that had crashed, and anyway, she had to hurry to her tennis lesson.

She got herself transferred to another department, and we limited our time together in hopes that gossip would die down. I was really cooling to the affair, was convinced of my true homosexuality, and stayed with Paul whenever I could. Hanna also became less enthusiastic, and we stopped making love, but she still hung

on to me. Like married people, we argued about fundamentals: Did I really have to run to the office every time they called? Were her tennis lessons absolutely necessary on Saturday morning? Was Sarah better than Ella?

I had begun frequenting the new gay club where Paul had taken the job as manager, and so got to know Jerry, the black jazz-man who played stride piano there. Jerry was the classiest performer in town. He was very big and very black, like an ex-football lineman going to fat. He said he was straight but worked the gay barroom because it was a steady gig and tips were good. He hulked over the baby grand and hammered out blues and jazz with a distinctive personal style. Sometimes he sang a number in a hoarse shout. He didn't tolerate sing-alongs. Paul suggested that I bring Hanna to hear Jerry, but she said she wasn't interested.

Finally, one night, at my insistence, she came with me to the club. She objected every step of the way, accusing me of not being able to tell good jazz from radio pop. I was patient because I knew she had an affinity for Jerry's kind of music, and I knew how good he was. When we walked in, Jerry waved to me and began to bang out Stompin' at the Savoy with a boogie beat, which he thought was my favorite tune. Hanna caught my eye and smirked.

Paul found space for us in a special corner where we could watch Jerry's huge hands grab bunches of keys and pound out the glorious noise. After the first number Hanna ignored her drink and listened with eyes cast down and hands folded in her lap like a chastened child. When the set was over she threw me a look of abject apology and gratitude.

During the break, Jerry came to our table to be introduced to Hanna with the red-gold hair. He towered over her, offering his massive right hand. She wrapped both her narrow little manicured hands around it and gazed into his eyes, offering her soul. I have no memory of what, if anything, was said. I watched her slim intensity concentrate on his expansive bulk. I noticed how his sweat-soaked shirt clung to his broad chest, his face glowed, and a bulge protruded at the crotch of his pants. I had an involuntary fantasy of them making love, her slender white and red festooned across his mountainous blackness. I caught a glimpse of Paul's conspiratorial smile.

It wasn't a surprise that Hanna cooled to my company and sat alone through the last set, then let Jerry escort her home. I had no regrets. I extricated myself from the situation as gracefully as I could. I felt I had done well by Hanna, was her man as long as she needed me, then, as in a dance, handed her on to her next partner. Paul came home with me that night, and three months later we moved into our own place together.

Hanna held on to Jerry for a time, but he had a wife in Berkeley from whom he was not legally separated. When she found out, he quit the club and took up with an East Bay jazz combo. However, he had by then introduced Hanna to the widowed businessman who became her first husband and took her to Los Angeles.

She still seems to be dancing from hand to hand, man to man. Paul points out that she does marry them now. In her letter she writes of her tender concern for me and asks if I know where Jerry is playing. Paul laughs, rolls his smooth burly body on top of mine and swears that he will never allow me to hand him on to another man and dance away.

GIRAFFE, 73, lives in San Francisco with a cat named Gato. He enjoys stocky. stout fellows with a good sense of humor. He is in the CR Hall of Fame and is one of our most prolific and popular writers.

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fiction

COACH

by The Actuary

It had been one of those days when nothing goes right. My car didn't start in the morning. My boss reamed me out because I'd not finished an important report. I spilled tomato sauce on my new tie. When I got home, I poured a stiff drink and strung myself out on the sofa to unwind. I turned the TV on, hoping some mindless sitcom would help me forget about the day. Or better yet, maybe I would fall asleep, and upon awakening, I would realize it had all been a dream.

I'm not sure how long I'd been lying there when the phone rang. *Oh great, just what I need.* With the way the day had gone, there was no way this was going to be good news. I got up and reluctantly answered the phone.

"Hi! It's Stanley ..."

"Where've you been?" I shot back. "I haven't heard from you in a couple of weeks."

"I was busy with the semester starting. You sound like you just woke up. Are you in bed with some geezer?"

"Fuck you! No. I was just trying to take a nap. What's up?"

"I wanted to tell you about this hunk in my Freshman class. He's a soccer player, and he's built like an Adonis." Stanley had taught at the local college for four years, and he always liked the start of a new semester because it means new crotches to ogle. "I wanted to see if you'd like to go to a soccer game this weekend. The team's playing at home."

I could think of better ways to spend my Saturday than watching Stanley drool over a bunch of sweaty young athletes running around a soccer field, but I've always liked soccer, and I knew the school always had a good team. "Sure, I'll go."

"Great. I'll pick you up at eleven-thirty. Go back to sleep now and have another one of your wet dreams about some politician." Stanley always liked teasing me about a dream I had involving Walter Mondale. I wondered why I ever told him.

Although I always laughed at him and his hormones, Stanley was not such a bad guy. We'd met two years earlier at a local gay pride rally. Stanley tried to invite me back to his place for a "quickie," as he liked to call them. However, at thirty-five, he was only nine years older than I was, and about twenty to thirty years younger than the men that interest me. Also, Stanley was an avid runner and was built perfectly for it with a tall, slender body. I've never gone for slender men. I prefer a little meat on the bones. When I told Stanley this, he was disgusted at the thought of someone's liking an "old, fat man," as he put it. I had to explain that I was not necessarily into "fat" men, just that I preferred men with a little substance. I also explained that I didn't consider men in their fifties and sixties to be "old." We had several discussions about this over the years, and I think he finally understood me, although he still showed disgust over the men that attracted me.

About a week after the rally we ran into each other at a bar and had a drink together. We ended up hitting it off as friends. After that, we got together two or three times a month for drinks or dinner and talked regularly on the phone. Stanley always wanted to call and tell me about some new stud he'd found with a "huge one" or "tight little buns." It got a little tiring at times, but I found his calls generally amusing. Of course, I couldn't tell him about my sex life, because he always said he wasn't interested in hearing about my "grandfathers."

The Saturday of the soccer game came; it was a beautiful September day. Stanley picked me up and drove me to the soccer field talking nonstop about his student. "Richie," he moaned, "has an amazing ass! Too bad he can't sit with his back to me during class. He'd certainly get an A+!"

Here we go again. I chuckled to myself. *Why do I put myself through this?*

As we were sitting down, I noticed Stanley getting excited and then spotted the team entering the stadium. As they walked toward us, Stanley said, "There he is. Number seventeen." I wasn't listening. My eyes had locked onto something on the field. There, standing out amongst all those young, athletic studs, was the coach. He was the most gorgeous man I'd ever seen. He appeared to be in his middle to late fifties and was dressed in dark pants and a light tan blazer. The blazer must have fit him at one time but was now pushed to the sides by a fairly substantial stomach and chest. I later discovered that this was his "lucky" jacket, although no one was too sure why. He continued to wear it despite the obvious need for a larger size.

He was about five feet, ten inches tall, and I guessed his weight to be about two hundred. He had a nice head of dark hair with a slight curl. He wore glasses, the kind that tinted in the sunlight, so it was difficult to get a good look at his eyes. As he barked out orders to his players, I continued soaking him in.

"What's the matter?" Stanley asked.

I realized I'd been staring at the coach for what seemed to be ten minutes, but which was probably only ten seconds. "Uh ... I was just thinking about something ..." I tried to change the subject. "Which one is your student?"

"That one. The one bending over."

I looked, and there was this blond youth of eighteen stretching right in front of us. The white shorts that the team wore were nearly transparent, and we could see the leg straps of his jock and the pink cheeks of his ass. I thought Stanley was going to shoot a load in his pants right then and there. I wondered why the coach couldn't have been wearing those shorts too.

Although I found it difficult to take my eyes off him, I decided to check the program to see if there was any information about him. I was lusting after a man whom I'd never seen until five minutes ago. *I'm turning into Stanley!* I thought. That didn't dissuade me as I tried to nonchalantly turn the pages of the program looking for a picture, or at least a name. I didn't want Stanley to know what I was looking for.

Finally, on the inside back cover, there it was: "About the Coach." Dick Souza was his name. Born in Portugal. The picture showed a slightly worn face with full cheeks and an inviting smile. The bio said he had been coaching soccer for thirty-four years and had graduated from college in 1956. Fifty-eight, I thought to myself. What a nice age. His coaching record was impressive, and he had been named the conference coach of the year the prior season. Great looks and talented too! What more could I ask? Well, his being interested in *men*, for one thing!

Suddenly, my dream was shattered. At the end of the bio it mentioned that "Dick's wife Bonnie works in the athletic development office, and their daughter Carol ('85) was a pitcher for the softball team." Married and with a daughter. There went any chance. I was devastated but quickly realized the silliness of the situation. I definitely had been acting like Stanley, and that scared me a little. So I just sat back and enjoyed the game.

Stanley and I went to a number of

games that year, and I really had a good time. Of course, I got to look at Coach Souza and fantasize, but more importantly, I remembered how much I liked soccer and became a big fan of the team. The next year, I bought season tickets and joined the booster club. Stanley came to a few games, but he had found a young graduate student to occupy his time. So I went alone most of the time, which was all right with me.

There was an announcement in the booster club newsletter stating that the team was looking for volunteers to help on various committees. I had some free time and decided to sign up. I hadn't realized it at the time, but that meant I had to go to periodic meetings run by the coach himself! I actually would get to meet him.

I was in heaven. There he was at the first meeting, standing right in front of me in soccer shorts (not the transparent white ones, unfortunately!) and a polo shirt. From the stands, I had not seen how good looking he really was. The dark hair I saw from a distance now showed gray around the edges and especially in the eyebrows. I've always been turned on by bushy gray eyebrows, and Coach Souza certainly did not disappoint me.

My weight estimate seemed fairly accurate, although my height estimate had been off a bit. He was about three inches shorter than I am. His shirt was fairly tight, and I could see the tips of his nipples protruding slightly. I imagined myself licking them through the shirt. That thought didn't last long, however, as I noticed a larger protuberance below the waist.

The bulge in his shorts was impressive; it was all I could do to refrain from falling to my knees. His prominent basket was sitting up high, and I assumed he was wearing a jock or very tight briefs. I couldn't tell whether the bulge was caused by a large cock or balls, or even—dare I dream—by both. Sure that everyone had noticed me staring at his crotch, I quickly looked away.

Within a few seconds, my gaze was drawn back, this time to his tanned thighs, which were thick and covered with dark hair. Through the hair I could make out the outlines of his quadriceps, which, despite a little bit of fat, seemed fairly tight.

It felt I'd been staring for an hour when he broke the silence.

"Hi. Dick Souza. Thank you very much for volunteering."

I thought I was going to melt as he reached out and shook my hand. He had a firm grip, and I could just imagine that hand wrapped around my balls, squeezing slightly to show me who was boss. Or better yet, that hand coming down swift and hard on my ass as I lay across those rock-hard thighs. There was something about a man as strong and imposing as the coach that made me fantasize about being dominated. Nonetheless, I quickly realized that I had to get those thoughts out of my head, or I would be totally useless at the meeting.

"Well, I've enjoyed going to the games and seeing the young men play, and I just wanted to give something back." As I said this, a warm, beautiful smile came to his face, and I was mesmerized again. I've always been a sucker for a nice smile, but this one was special. I could tell that coaching and mentoring meant a lot to him, and for me to show a similar interest in the players pleased him. Little did he know the real reason I had volunteered.

I became involved with the booster club, even going to a few of the games out of town. Although mostly parents traveled with the team, there were a few other "crazies." Some of the players' fathers were interesting to look at, but I mostly enjoyed spending more time with the coach.

The overnight trips usually followed a pattern. During the evening the group met in the hotel bar for drinks. The coach came and talked about the next opponent or gave a critique of the day's game. Of course, his wife was always sitting right there next to him. She seemed very devoted to him, and vice versa, which I thought was wonderful, but obviously I was jealous as hell!

When the season ended last year, I was sad because I knew it would be nine months before I would see my booster club friends, and especially before I would see the coach again.

When August came around, the group got together again. The coach looked as good as ever, and his basket looked even bigger, although I'm sure that was just my imagination.

There was to be a weekend trip in mid-September; we would play on Friday night and then on Sunday. It sounded like fun, so I signed up to go

The team won Friday night, so we gathered at the hotel bar afterwards to celebrate. As luck would have it, I ended up sitting next to the coach. I found him to be an interesting man with a strong opinion about almost anything. I think he enjoyed having a bunch of soccer novices to talk to, because that way he could teach them the Souza "philosophy."

At one point during the conversation, his leg bumped against mine. A few minutes later, mine inadvertently bumped against his. At first, I ignored it, but as he went off on a long tirade about another coach or about the NCAA, strange thoughts started coming into my head. *Could I use this as an opportunity to test the waters? How would he react?* Then suddenly I realized how irrational I was. *This man is conservative*, I thought. *He's married and straight as a line. He probably doesn't even know what "gay" means. And if he does, he's probably homophobic. Given his size, he could probably kill me if he wanted to.*

Nonetheless, after a few minutes back in reality, the thoughts once again came into my head. Since he would have no idea what was going on, what harm could it do? I decided to make an extremely subtle move, so that I could play dumb if it was received poorly. As he continued talking, I moved my leg slowly to the side until our knees were touching. Fortunately, we were both tucked sufficiently under the table so no one could see what was transpiring. I left my leg touching his for a little while to see what he would do. He didn't move it, but I assumed he was too busy talking to realize it was there.

I was still a little hesitant, so I pulled my leg away. After a few minutes, my fear had subsided, and I decided to try again. This time I was a little more bold. Rather than leave the leg stationary, I lifted my heel off of the ground a few times, so that our knees and the ends of our thighs gently rubbed together. I did this three or four times. Actually, I think I was a little relieved that there was no reaction.

As the evening rolled on, I became less and less inhibited, perhaps due to the increasing number of beers I consumed. I rubbed his leg with mine a number of times when suddenly it happened. As I was lifting my leg, he turned toward me. I quickly pulled away. It had obviously registered. My first thought was to see if the others had noticed his sudden move. Thank God, no. They were engrossed in some other conversation.

I couldn't read the coach's expression. Was it a look of disgust? Anger? Confusion?

"Oh, is that your leg? I'm sorry," he said.

Damn. He didn't have a clue about what was going on. Even though I should have been relieved that he was oblivious, I was disappointed. I was also upset that I hadn't thought to say what he said. I could have covered up for myself nicely if I had used that line.

"Yes, but that's all right." I struggled to produce a smile. Strangely enough, I received one of the coach's smiles in return, which I again had trouble understanding. Shortly after this, the coach and his wife went off to bed, as did the rest of us.

The second night of the trip, we had another gathering of the fans and the coach. This time I was already seated when the coach and his wife arrived. There were seats available next to me, but they didn't

sit in them. I took that as a clear sign that nothing had transpired the previous evening and resigned myself to lusting after the coach from afar.

Later in the season, there was another two-night trip. I had been sitting inside the hotel bar about fifteen minutes when the coach walked in alone.

"Is there any word, yet?" someone asked. I discovered that the coach's daughter was expecting a baby any day, and his wife had stayed home in case it arrived.

"No. Nothing yet," the coach said as he took the seat next to mine. "Hi, Charlie. Thanks for coming," he said, shaking my hand and once again reminding me of the power of his grip. There was a lot of discussion that evening about his daughter and the fact that this was to be his first grandchild. There was also discussion about the next day's opponent and about two of our players who were out due to poor grades.

Coach was on his third glass of wine, clearly loosening up, when I felt his leg bump mine. I assumed it had happened by accident. About a minute later came another bump. *Could that have been an accident too?* Well, there was only one way to find out. I repeated my move from the prior trip. I gently placed my leg against his and then moved the leg ever-so-slightly up and down so that our thighs rubbed together. As I did this, I felt myself becoming aroused.

On my third upswing, I got a reaction. He slowly turned toward me, but this time I broke in before he could speak.

"Oh, is that your leg? I'm sorry." I tried to smile innocently, though I'm sure the smile appeared more lascivious than I wanted. It was hard to control all the thoughts running through my head. The most prominent was of our naked thighs rubbing together as he lay on top of me.

"Oh, that's all right," he said softly. He, too, produced a smile that I felt to be somewhat lascivious. Yet I was probably reading a lot into it due to wishful thinking.

Shortly thereafter, the coach went off to bed.

The next afternoon I was in my room watching college football when there was a knock at the door. I was a little surprised but assumed it was one of the other fans looking to see what I was doing for dinner. I opened the door and it was the coach. He was dressed in blue soccer shorts, which were very tight, and a white polo shirt unbuttoned enough to reveal the large quantity of gray hair on his upper chest. His nipples were very noticeable underneath the tight shirt.

"Hi, Charlie. How are you?"

"Fine, Coach." We both stood there, staring at each other.

"There's something ... I'd like to, uh ... discuss with you. Do you ... do you have a few minutes?" There seemed to be a lot of anxiety in his voice.

"Come on in." *What could he possibly want to discuss?* I wondered. "What's the word on Carol?" As soon as I had asked the question, I regretted it. What if what was bothering him so much was a complication with the birth? Did I just throw some more fuel on the fire?

"Oh, you didn't hear? She had a boy this morning at two-twenty."

"Congratulations," I said, motioning him to sit in the chair.

"Thanks. Apparently, everyone's happy and healthy."

With trepidation, I sat on the edge of the bed and waited for him to start. It was apparent something pretty serious was bothering him, but he didn't know how to tell me.

"I was ... very glad when you volunteered to help with the booster club. You ... seemed to be energetic and you have ... well you have a good knowledge of soccer. Many of the parents don't know very much, and they sometimes can't understand what I'm doing, especially when it negatively impacts on their son. It's nice to have some objective fans. And when they take an active interest in my team and what I'm trying to accomplish, well ... I'm very gratified. Thank you very much." He paused, and took a deep breath. It was clear that gratitude wasn't the only thing he wanted to express.

The obvious had briefly crossed my mind, but I was sure that such couldn't be the case. As I looked into the eyes of this man who had always seemed so much in command, I saw a vulnerable human being. Most of the color had gone out of his cheeks. He began to speak again, his voice shaky.

"There is something ... I need to ask you." As he said this, he put his head down.

"What is it, Coach? Anything you'd like to discuss, I'll listen." I was getting a little frightened. He was so visibly upset that I didn't know what to expect.

"I ... uh ... don't know how to begin." He chuckled nervously and briefly glanced up at the ceiling.

I studied his hand on the armrest of the chair. It appeared to be trembling slightly.

Not realizing I was going to do it, I reached out and cupped his hand in both of mine. "Take your time," I said, trying to be comforting. At first he pulled away, but only because I surprised him, I think. I'd surprised myself as well! But he didn't pull away completely. In fact, after this first reaction, he extended his hand. I held it gently and felt the sweatiness of his palm.

"Something ... uh ...happened last night, at the bar... I don't think it was the first time..."

Holy shit. Had he really been aware of what was going on? My heart began to race. He now looked even more concerned. He must have thought I had no idea what he was talking about, and that scared him. Unconsciously, I wanted to soothe him, and I suddenly found myself caressing his hand very slowly. It seemed to calm him.

"I've ... been wanting to talk to you about this for awhile. But I didn't know how to bring it up." His voice seemed to have a little more strength now.

As I continued to caress his hand, I began to notice other changes. He'd stopped trembling, and color was returning to his cheeks. He looked directly at me. I could sense in his beautiful eyes that he felt relief. I began to smile, and so did he. Then suddenly it dawned on me that there I was sensually caressing the hand of the man I had lusted after for three years. This aroused quite a stir in my loins, and my caressing took on a new vitality. I broke our stare and glanced at his crotch. What I saw almost floored me. There, at the base of his beautiful thigh, was his white jock being pushed out of the leg of his shorts by a very large penis. He saw me looking and glanced down. Then he looked back, and although I sensed some embarrassment, his smile had grown very wide.

I took one of my hands from his and put it on his knee. Slowly I ran it up through the smooth hair of his thigh, which was as hard as it looked. As I did that, the jock stretched even more, the pouch extending well beyond the leg of the shorts. I reached out and caressed it. His cock was as rigid as his thigh. Our eyes met again, and he looked down at my hand and then back at me. The joy in his face told me what to do next. I went down on my knees in front of him, and pried the jockstrap out from underneath his balls. As I pushed it to the side, the long and thick penis sprang to attention, right in my face.

I slowly lowered my face to his cock and licked the head. At the same time I glanced up to see his face. He had his head back, and he looked like he was in ecstasy. Quite a change from five minutes earlier! I took the whole head in my mouth and then slid it in and out a few times. He moaned quietly.

"Stand up," I whispered. When he did, I slid down his shorts and the jock. His balls were fully visible and very large, perhaps the largest I'd ever seen. I fondled them gently. His cock swelled and he let out a greater moan. I had found his "G-spot." I continued to fondle his balls as I took him deeper into my mouth. He put his hands on the back of my head and began caressing me, while I went up and down on his cock. His moans became louder.

I began to lick his balls, and the moans intensified. This really seemed to be turning him on, so I licked all around both. The taste and smell of his sweat was heavenly, and I wanted more. I opened my mouth wide and took one of the balls inside, sucking it gently.

"Ohhh, God," he suddenly gasped. His whole body tensed, and there was dead silence. I felt warm semen hit my neck. There was another convulsion, and once again I felt that beautiful warm sensation. I think there were three or four more convulsions, and then, after a brief pause, he collapsed back into the chair.

He looked physically and emotionally drained. But his smile was still there, and we sat there in silence, feeling satisfied.

After what seemed to be an eternity, I realized that my shoulder and neck were very sticky. I then noticed that his cock had retreated back into its foreskin, but there was still some fluid oozing out the end.

"Maybe we should get cleaned up," I said lazily, entranced by a sparkling pearl of semen.

"Yeah. I'm having dinner with the team in an hour."

It was hard to know whether he wanted to talk about what had just happened or not. A couple of times while we were washing ourselves in the bathroom, it looked like he was going to start. Then, as we were toweling off, he finally summoned the courage.

"That was tremendous. I had my suspicions about you, and I couldn't get you out of my head. After last night at the bar, I was pretty sure, but I didn't know how to approach you. Besides, I didn't think you would be interested in an old fatso like me."

"Please," I interjected, "you're a gorgeous man. I fell in love with you the first time I met you."

He chuckled and blushed slightly, obviously not believing me.

"I haven't had much experience, but that was the best blow job I've ever gotten. When I was in college, there was a lot of activity in my fraternity, and then once, about ten years ago, I got blown at a truck stop by a young guy. It was good, and for a few years after that, when I was at a rest stop, I hoped I would find somebody. I was unsuccessful, and then when AIDS came along, I decided that was a stupid thing to be doing. However, when I met you, all of those feelings and desires came back. I knew I wanted you, but I assumed you were straight, and given my situation, there was no way to approach you.

"Then the thing with the leg at the bar on our last trip. I couldn't believe you were doing that with Bonnie sitting right there! Did you know I got a hard-on while you were doing it? But last night was the clincher. I would have come to your room then, I was so turned on, but I had to wait for the phone call from Bonnie. I'm not sure how I would have explained not being in the room!

"Even though I was sure about your ... orientation, is that the word? Even though I was pretty sure, I was still uncomfortable about coming here. I didn't know how you would react, and of course I'm in a difficult position. You were so kind to take my hand and comfort me. That really helped me relax."

"I felt you needed that."

"And of course, the other thing you did for me was amazing. I didn't know it could be so good."

"I always perform better with someone who turns me on."

He blushed again, as if he were a schoolboy being complimented by a girl. He bent over to pick up his jock and put it on. I got my first good look at his ass. It was full and round, and the skin looked smooth. I approached him and took him into my arms and then began caressing his ass, which the jock left exposed. It felt wonderful, and I could feel his cock inside the pouch rubbing up against mine. It was starting to enlarge again.

Our eyes met, and we kissed. It was the first time, I thought to myself, that I had sucked a guy's cock before I had kissed him. I chuckled to myself as our tongues intertwined. But then he pulled away.

"I'm going to be late. Thank you so much. Uh ... eleven tonight?" There was a look of expectation in his eyes.

"Sure." I couldn't believe it. Not only had this happened, but it was going to happen again! After he left the room, I had one of the best solo sessions ever, just by reliving the experience.

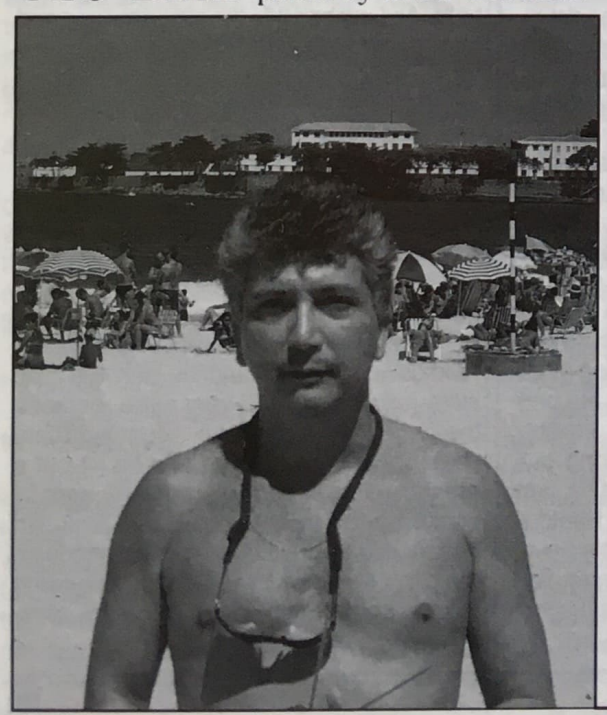
We did see each other again that night, and I'm now planning on not missing a single soccer trip again!

And to think I have Stanley to thank for all of this.

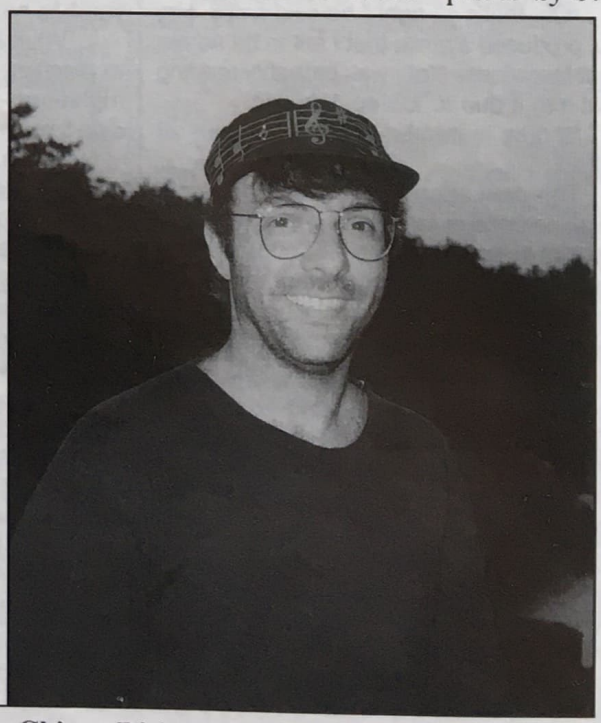
He would die.

THE ACTUARY is 31 and has been in a relationship for over ten years with a man twenty-seven years his senior. He welcomes correspondence and photo exchange with men over 55, especially those with bushy eyebrows.

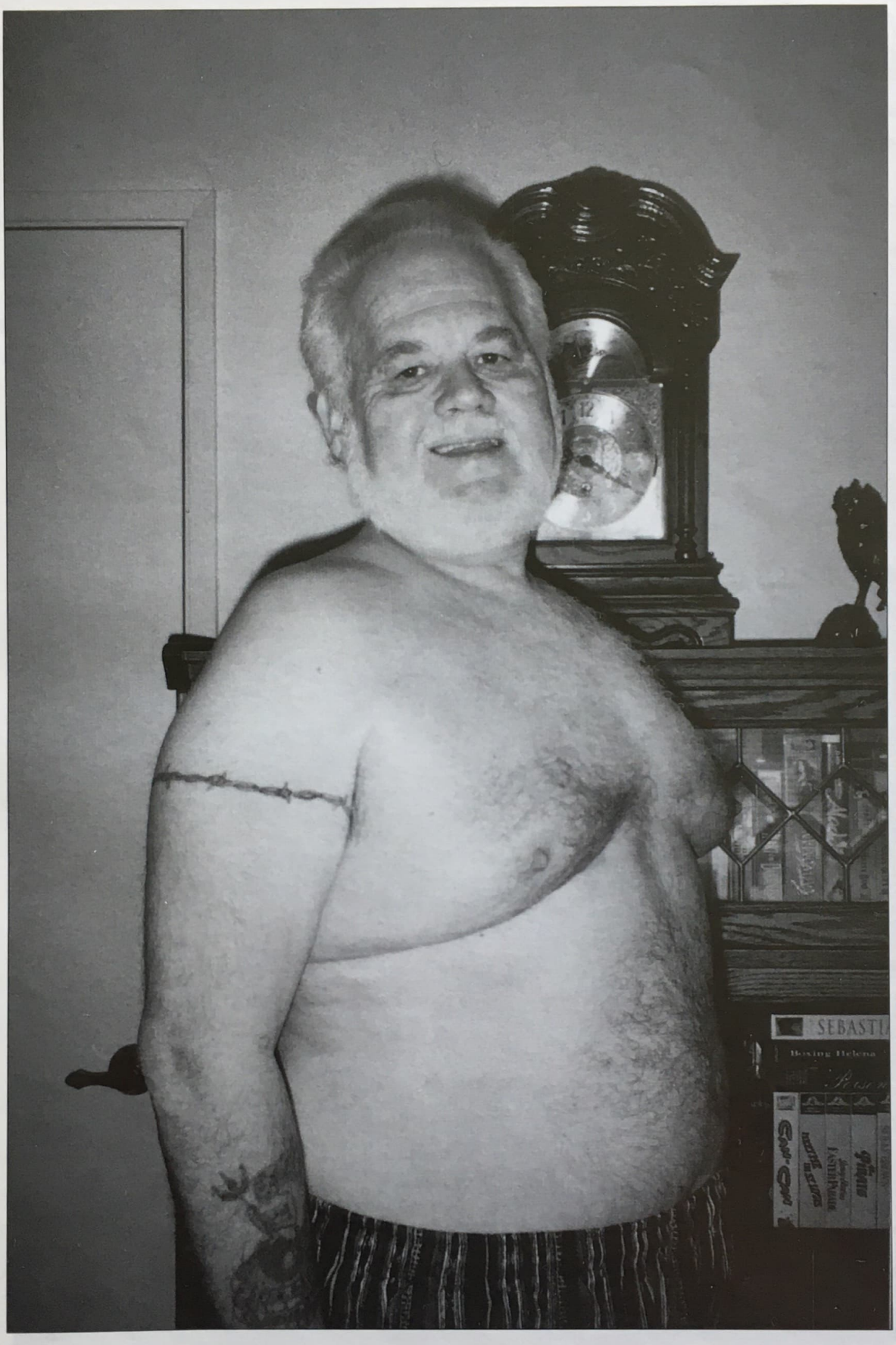
RIO BILL photo by BABY BANKER



BOY NEXT DOOR photo by J.S.



DOGGIE



THE SIGNER

PHOTO BY MACRO

HOT WHEELS

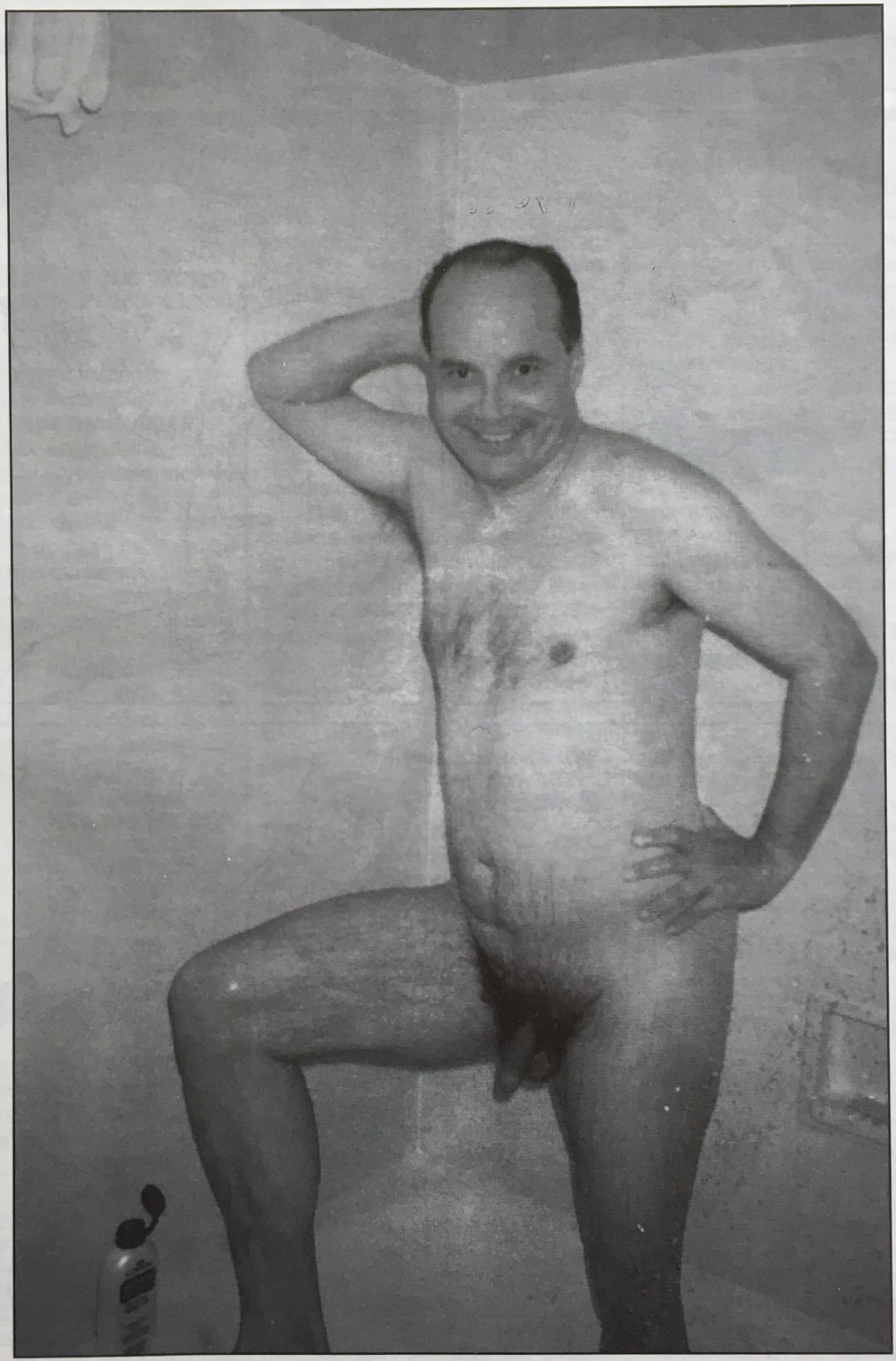
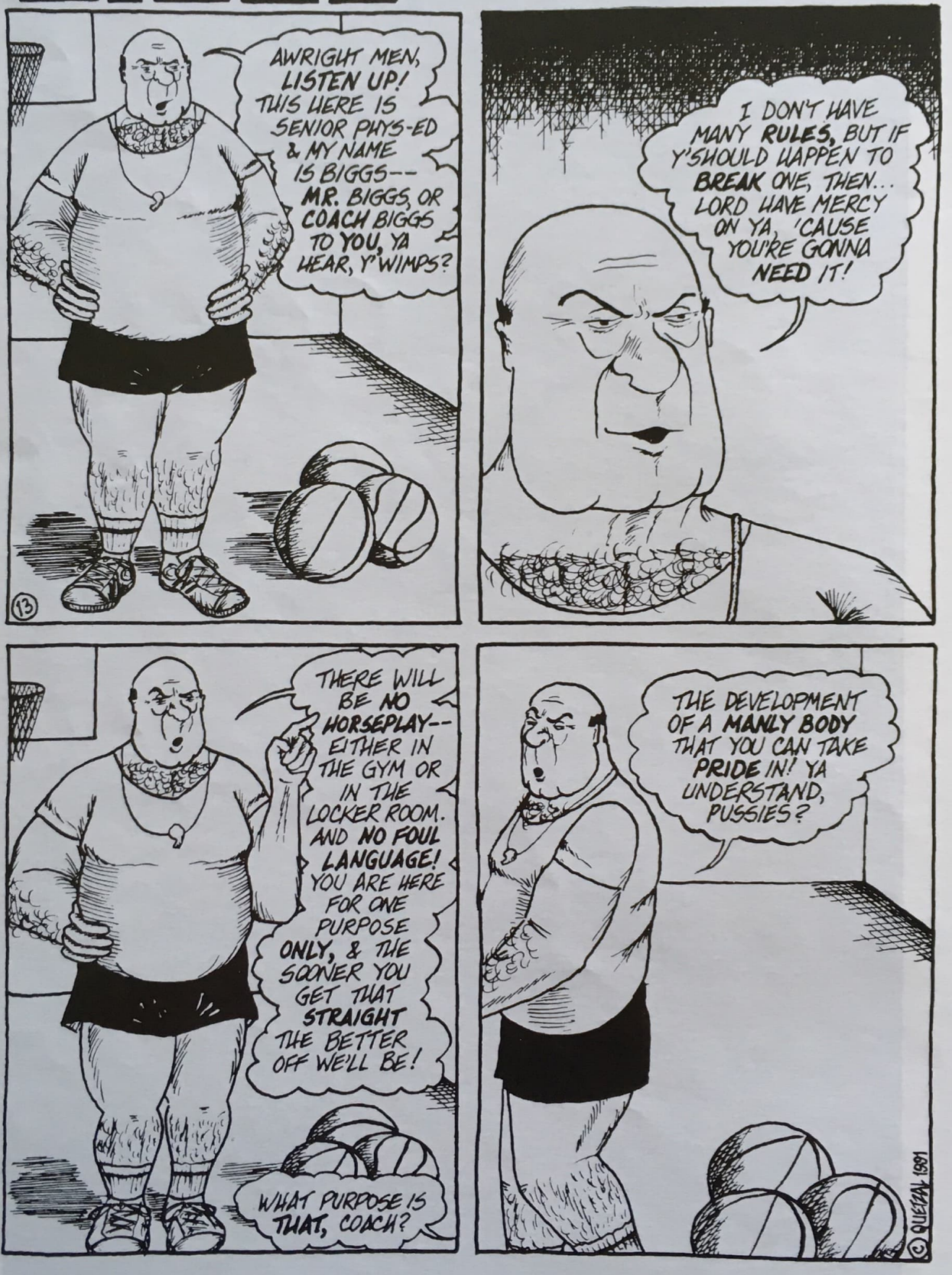


PHOTO BY HORNY JIM

COACH BIGGS

by QUETZAL


AWRIGHT MEN, LISTEN UP! THIS HERE IS SENIOR PHYS-ED & MY NAME IS BIGGS-- MR. BIGGS, OR COACH BIGGS TO YOU, YA HEAR, Y'WIMPS?
13
I DON'T HAVE MANY RULES, BUT IF Y'SHOULD HAPPEN TO BREAK ONE, THEN... LORD HAVE MERCY ON YA, 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA NEED IT!
THERE WILL BE NO HORSEPLAY-- EITHER IN THE GYM OR IN THE LOCKER ROOM. AND NO FOUL LANGUAGE! YOU ARE HERE FOR ONE PURPOSE ONLY, & THE SOONER YOU GET THAT STRAIGHT THE BETTER OFF WE'LL BE!
WHAT PURPOSE IS THAT, COACH?
THE DEVELOPMENT OF A MANLY BODY THAT YOU CAN TAKE PRIDE IN! YA UNDERSTAND, PUSSIES?
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PROFILES OF OUR MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER:

B.J.: 66, 5'-9-1/2", 197#, Central Texas, in a closed relationship. He's married, twice-retired, but works full-time. Physical fitness enthusiast. He's interested in gardening, music, theater, and fun.

Page 2: **BULL BUCK**: 60, Northwest, married to very understanding woman. He's looking for that special guy for perhaps a permanent situation. He's an outdoorsman and hoping for a bottom who loves life and is around his age.

Page 10: **NATHAN GREEN**: 65, 5'-6", 180#, Ohio, single. Likes nature, single males over 30, cuddling, movies, dancing, adventure, and exploring.

Page 12: **SPUD**: 72, 5'-11", 200#, Idaho, in an open relationship. He's a retired professional who is versatile, adaptable, clean, warm, honest, open, sincere, with cultural and musical interests.

Page 20: **RIO BILL**: 41, 170 m, 70 kg, Rio de Janeiro, single. Likes traveling, reading, spending quiet nights with the right guy, and making new friends. **BOY NEXT DOOR**: 43, 5'-10", 170#, Boston, single. Likes music, the outdoors, photography, cooking, good conversation, traveling. Looking for older men, especially masculine, husky, teddy bear types. No drugs, social drinker..

Page 21: **DOGGIE**: 62, 5'-11", 245#, Northern California, single. He's looking for a dominant, well-endowed stud who lives in the San Francisco East Bay area and wants friendship.

Page 22: **THE SIGNER**: 61, 5'-10", 172#, Michigan, single. Likes gardening, flowers, cooking, traveling. Looking for 25 and up.

Page 23: **HOT WHEELS**: 46, 5'-10", 190#, Michigan, single. Likes reading, movies, music, food, nudity, travel, mature men. Looking for good friends for making memories of every kind. Penpals welcomed.

Page 27: **SCORPIO AND LEO**: 69, 5'-9", 185#, and 66, 6'-1", 180#, Tampa Bay, in an open relationship with each other. They both like the beach, walking, movies, theatre, bicycling, music, dining out, reading, and writing. Both enjoy meeting other men between the ages of 30-45.

Page 28: **PAUL THE MANAGER**: No vitals given, Southern California, single. He likes traveling, nude sunbathing, music, theater, camping, friendship. Looking for a relationship with a passionate man with a lot of loving to give. **DR. FLGOOD**: 60s, 5'-10", 170#, Atlanta, single. Likes friends to share his wonderful life with doing such things as dining, concerts, theater, travel, planning for the future, and helping others. Looking for GWM, GAM, GHM, under 40, medium to slender build, non-tobacco user with a positive outlook on life. **G.F.**: 72, 5'-10", 190#, Southern California, in an open relationship. Looking for friendship with singles or couples for both himself and his other half. **MEAN GENE OF SEMINOLE**: 63, 5'10", 220#, west-central Florida, single. Likes the beach, theater, movies, travel, good food, bicycling, cuddling, touching. Looking for slim, 35+, sincere, honest, caring, loving, HIV negative, nonsmoker, light drinker. All friendships welcome.

Page 29: **PALM SPRINGS TOM**: 58, 5'-11", 170#, single. He likes submissive young men, a long-term relationship, swimming pools, mountains, the Southwest, leather, Levis, and nudism. Looking for honest, sincere 45+. **MAINE JIM**: 65, 5'-11", 240#, New England, single. He likes traveling, classical music, theatre, movies. Looking for younger, nonsmoking/no drugs/light drinking friends and possible relationship. **ESSEFF STAN**: 63, 6'-1", 225#, San Francisco, single. Likes gardening, entertaining, travel, opera, Italy, weekend trips, intimacy, and sharing fun times. Looking for chubby, beefy, or stocky hairy guys, 30-65, who love to cuddle and who want a long-term relationship. **DUFFIE**: 68, 6'-0", 215#, San Diego, single. Likes antiques, Jack Russell Terriers, home cooking, nice restaurants, travel, theater, crossword puzzles, and most all types of music and people. Looking for nice guys for friendship and fun, a possible relationship. Especially fond of Latinos.

Page 30: **PETER PANDA**: 5'-7", 185#, San Diego County, single. He likes gay men who can still get it up! Looking for a good time. **ROGER**: 74, 5'-6", 160#, Michigan, in a closed relationship. Likes painting, drawing, writing, cooking, taking care of plants. He's a writer for CR under another name.

Page 31: **BOB BOONE**: 59, 5'-7", 120#, Virginia, single. He's retired, financially secure, outgoing, affectionate, literate, and sincere. Likes arts, antiques, music, travel, reading, and needlepoint. Looking for distinguished, physically fit, 70-75 plus, white-haired gentleman with whom personal hygiene is paramount. **OVER-EASY**: 43, 6 ft., 215#, Arkansas, single. Likes 55+, quiet, settled-down living. Looking for a permanent relationship with someone to cook for and share a quiet life and spoil. He doesn't drink or smoke. **THOM**: This incredibly good-looking senior has been featured in CR more than any other model except perhaps THE COLONEL. He and CR principal photographer JOEL live in Austin, Texas, where they enjoy a loving, open relationship..

Page 32: **MR. G**: Since he was the cover model for CR #56 and became partners with MR. PANHANDLE, MR. G hasn't been seen much on our pages. The photo featured in this issue, however, has been stashed away so that someday we could do it justice in full glossy color. They live in central to southern California and would like to meet other C-Risers in the Bakersfield and Ridgecrest area.

Page 33: **MARVELOUS MARVIN**: 59, 5'-8", 205#, San Francisco, single. Enjoys most sports and other things on television. Enjoys eating out once a week. Looking for someone who is from 50 to 65 years old, who respects someone who may be different than himself. **WHITEY**: 54, 6'-4", 210#, Pompano Beach, single. He's very flexible and enjoys doing anything. Looking for his age and older. Loves hairy men who are good lovers. **SCOTSMAN**: 58,

6'-2", 178#, Utah, single. He likes the arts, travel, entertaining, spectator sports, cuddling, books and cooking. He's looking for chubby or stocky, clean-shaven, affectionate older man, 55-70, for relationship and possible relocation. **DIXIE DICK**: 63, 6'-3", 198#, Georgia, single. He's a retired university professor and likes traveling, gardening, water sports, nudity, theater, and up-beat, honest friends. Looking for GWM, 35-50, no smoking/hard drugs/excessive drinking, healthy, and responsible for companionship, safe fun and possible long-term open relationship.

Page 34: **J.O.**: 60s, Southern California, single. This wiry, rugged retiree lives in the California High Desert, where he works part-time for CR. He loves woodworking, working out, bicycling, and doing volunteer work. Looking for younger than himself. **TRIPLE B**: 78, 5'-6", 170#, New York, involved in an open relationship. Likes mature men, past 60. **GEORGE JONES**: 43, 6'-1", 275#, Houston. He didn't say much on his bio, but the publishers can vouch for the fact that this man is quite special. They don't come any more sincere, loyal, friendly or helpful. **KEN MC NEELEGE**: 32, 5'-9", 160#, Las Vegas, single. Likes skiing, sailing, traveling, great conversation, massage, and great sex. Looking for financially sincere man looking for good times in Las Vegas or for weekend adventures.

Page 40: **BAY AREA TOP**: 60s, San Francisco, in an open relationship. He's a top only and into light S & M with men under 50. He was our supervisor of workshops at the last gathering and will direct the workshops for the '96 convention in San Diego. This outstanding supporter is also a CR Hall of Famer.

Page 43: **NO KA OI**: 64, 5'-7", 201#, Northern California, in a new relationship (open or closed unknown). Likes outdoors, travel, movies, music, men, cuddling, kissing, writing to penpals, and meeting them. He says, "Men are the most wonderful things in the world."

Page 46: **SPEEDBOAT PHIL**: 74, 5'-8", 180#, Ft. Lauderdale, in a partially open relationship. Likes motorboat cruising, lots of travel. He's not really looking for anyone just now.

Page 47: **KOKOPELLI**: 59, 5'-10", 205#, San Antonio. See bio on page 52. **TECUMSEH**: 59, 5'-10", 200#, San Antonio, in a relationship with KOKOPELLI. He would enjoy hearing from interesting men of any age. Likes racketball, music, theater, movies, gay nudism. With partner KOKOPELLI, seeks contact with individuals or couples interested in hospitality exchange.

Page 49: **B.J.**: See profile for cover model.

Page 52: **THE BOSS**: 46, 5'-11", 270#, Laguna Beach, single. He likes quiet evenings at home, movies, etc. Looking for new friends, open to relationship.

Page 59: **XEBEC**: 71, 5'-10", 200#, SF Bay Area, single. He likes most people, music, photography, art museums. Looking for any age/race/size in Bay Area.

BACK COVER:

ORLANDOMAN: 53, 5'-9", 250#, Orlando, single. He likes theater, movies, fine dining, travel. Loves to cuddle. Looking for somewhat younger men, non-drinking, nonsmoking.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

CHOCOLAD is in his 50s and lives in the San Francisco Bay Area. He is a CR Hall of Famer and will be one of our staff photographers at Gathering '96 in San Diego.

JOEL lives in Austin with his lifemate, CR supermodel, THOM. They enjoy a loving, open relationship. JOEL is also a Hall of Famer and will be a staff photographer in San Diego.

KOKOPELLI can do it all! He's an excellent writer and editor, but he's also a fine photographer as well. See his bio above.

MACRO lives in Utah with his fiftysomething, burly bear. They enjoy a loving open relationship. Because of his phenomenal contributions to CR, he will be inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the '96 Convention.

MARSHAL is a brilliant composer and performance artist. Quite simply, he provided the direction and magic that made Gathering '95 such a huge success. Normally that would be enough for most mortals, but he provides us with outstanding photography too. He lives in Oregon with his life partner, Jim.

PHOTOMAN is a fine professional photographer who's made substantial contributions to CR. He's single and lives in St. Louis. He is also a CR Hall of Famer and will be a staff photographer in San Diego.

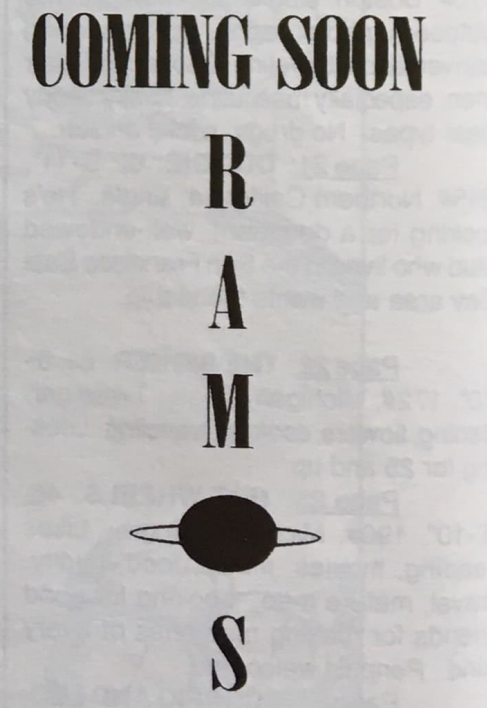
BULLETIN: Watch out for photographers SHUTTERHUG and STEVE S. They are coming into their own in a big way. More about them later.

ARTISTS

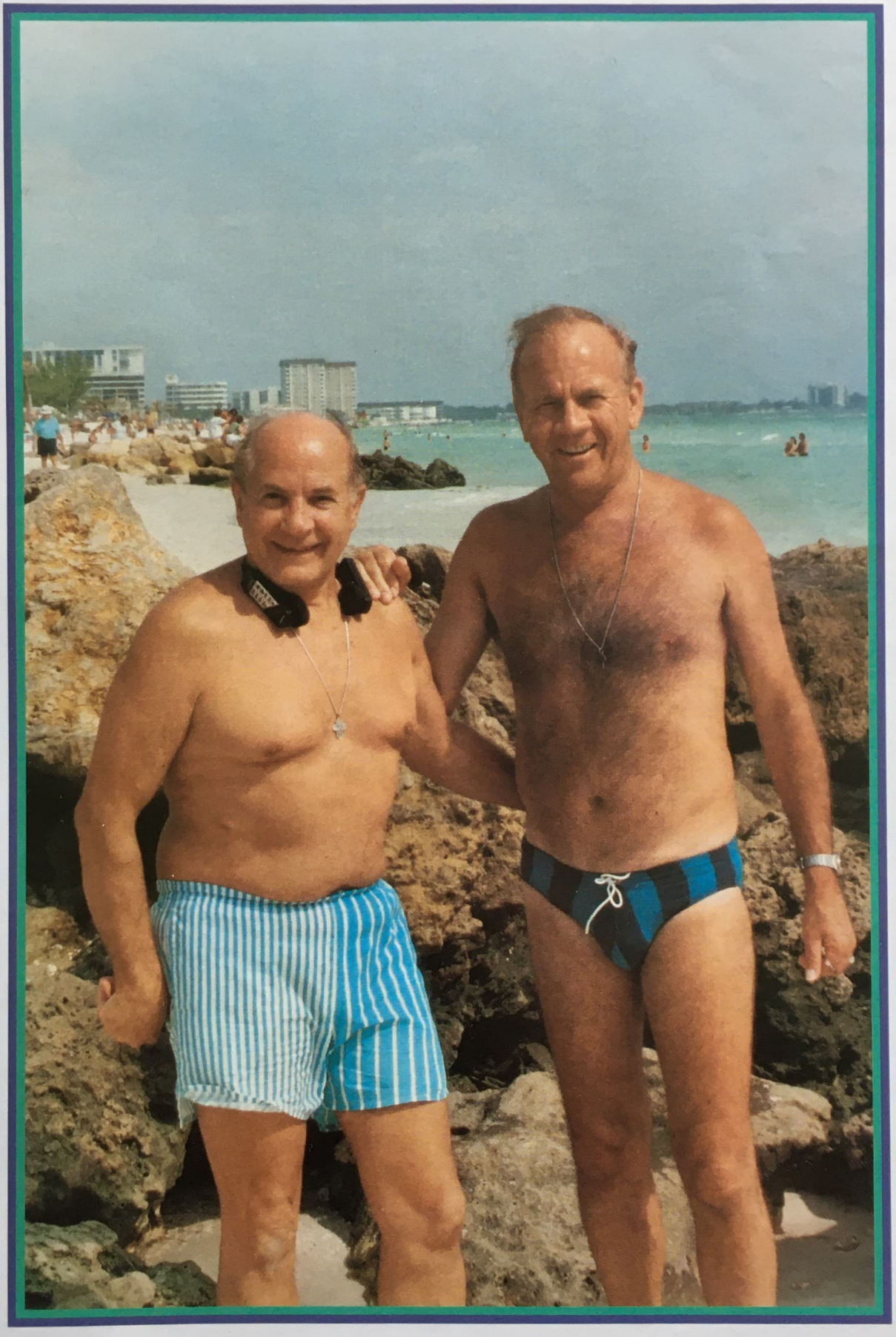
QUETZAL, 41,lives in West Hollywood with his partner, model PLOVER. He's a CR Hall of Famer and one of our most prolific contributors.

In addition to being our most popular artist, **RAM** is a prominent Midwest portrait and landscape artist. He lives in Illinois and Florida with his mate, Bob, and spends most of his time in horticulture and painting. People actually pay admission to see his gardens because they are so spectacular. RAM will not be attending Gathering '96, but his agent may offer some of his erotic artwork for sale. More to be announced.

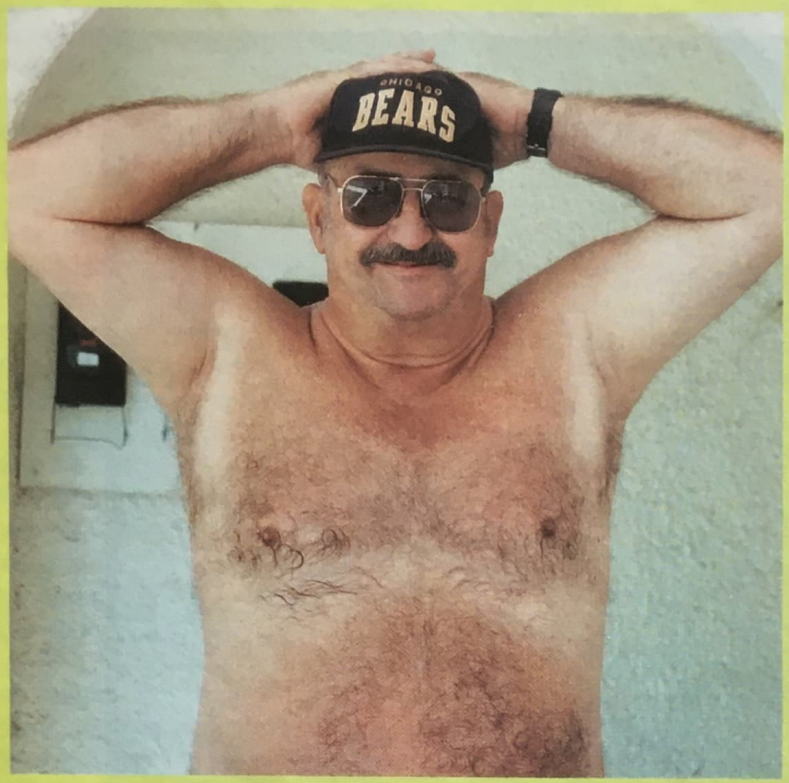
SYROOS is 55 and lives in Nevada. He thoroughly enjoys drawing older men.



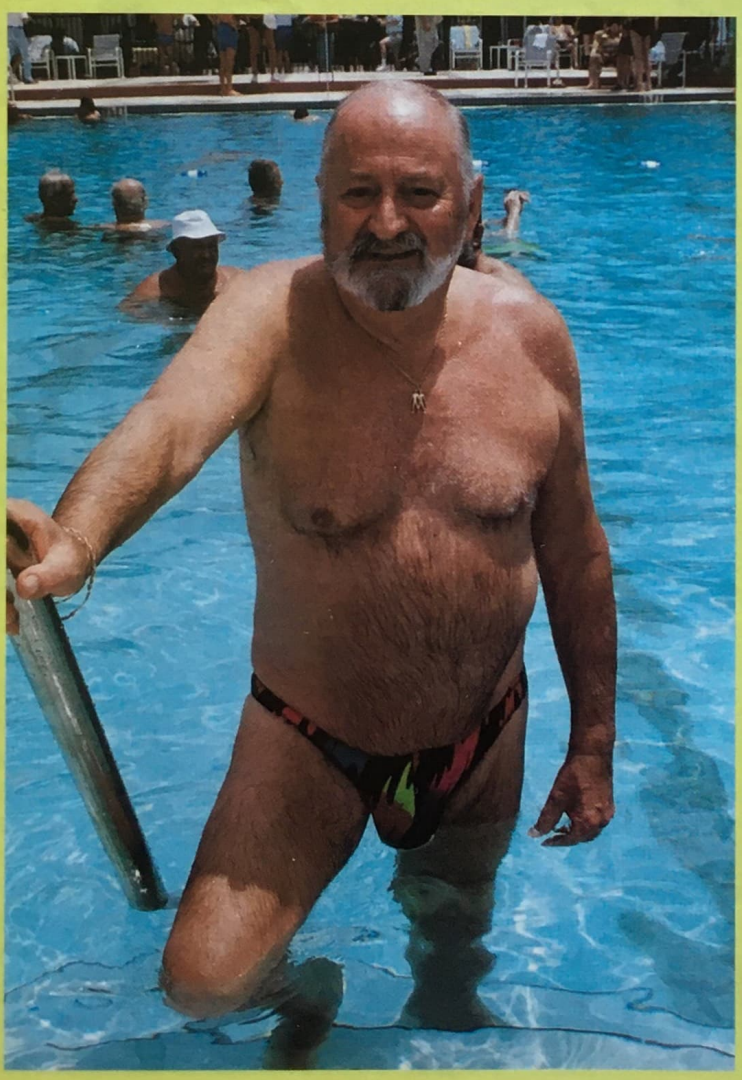
SCORPIO & LEO

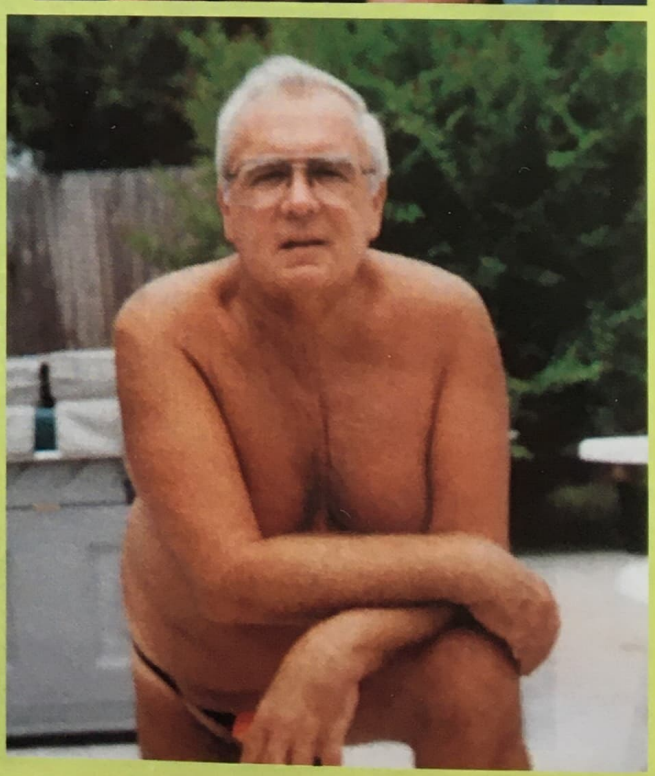


PAUL THE MANAGER *PHOTOMAN*



DR. FLGOOD *GEORGIA'S TONY*

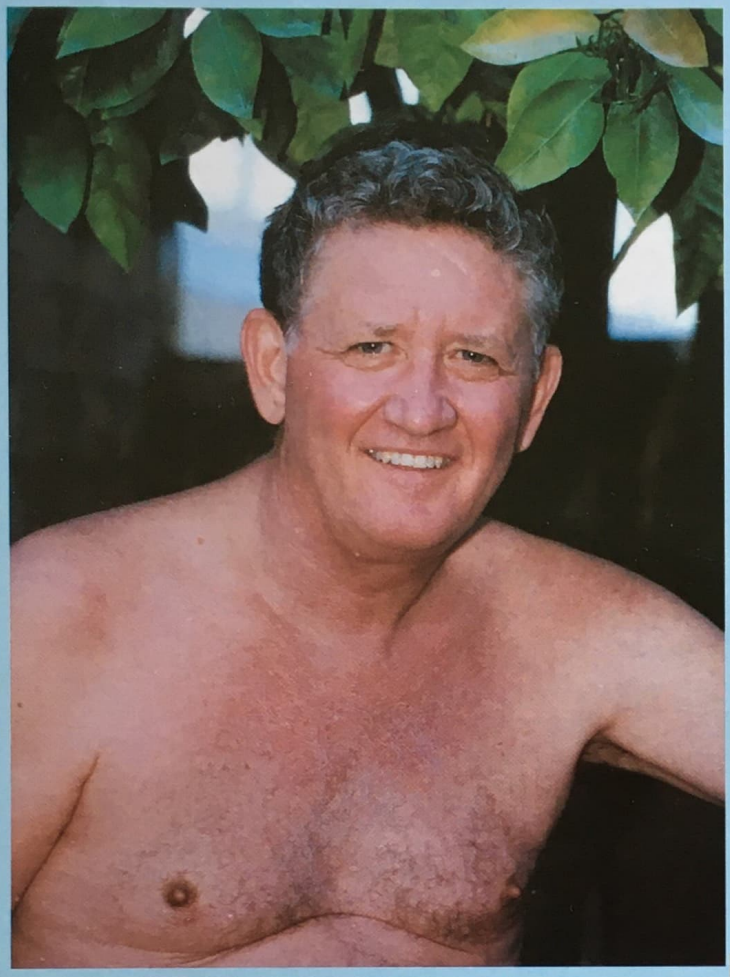




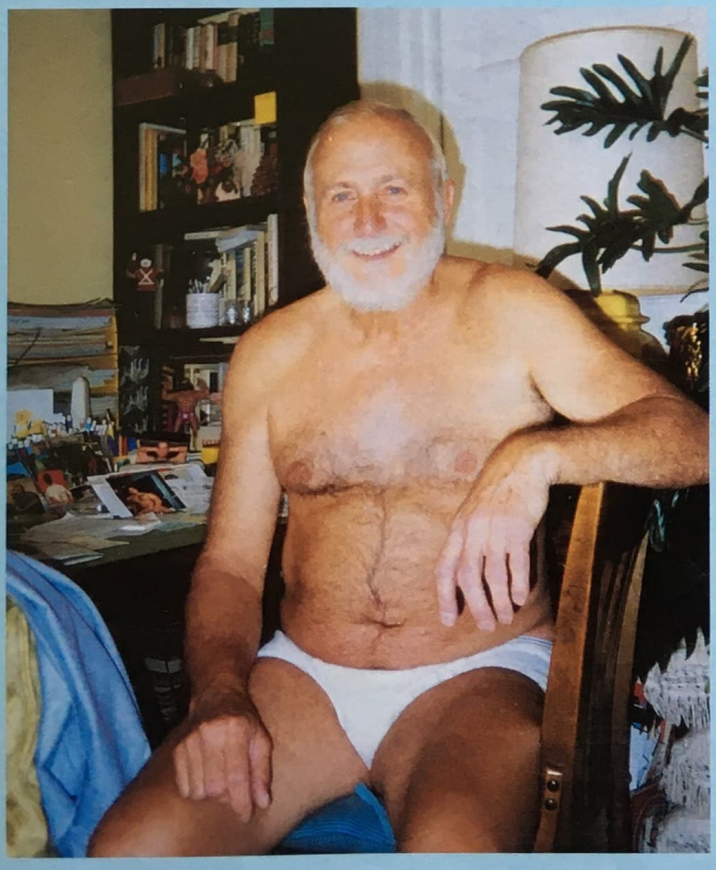
G.F. *MACRO*

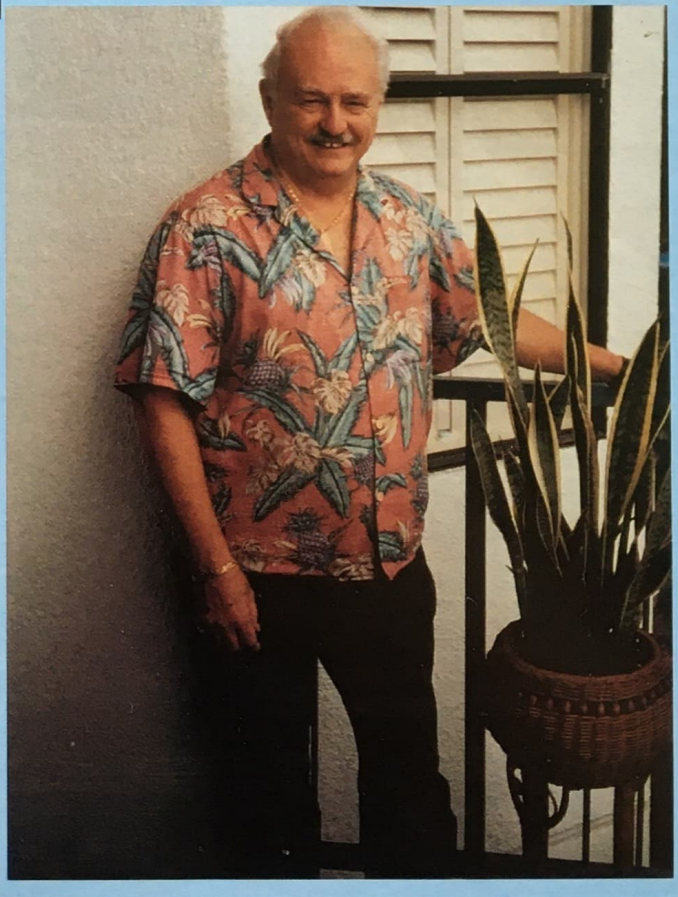
MEAN GENE OF SEMINOLE

PALM SPRINGS TOM *PHOTOMAN*



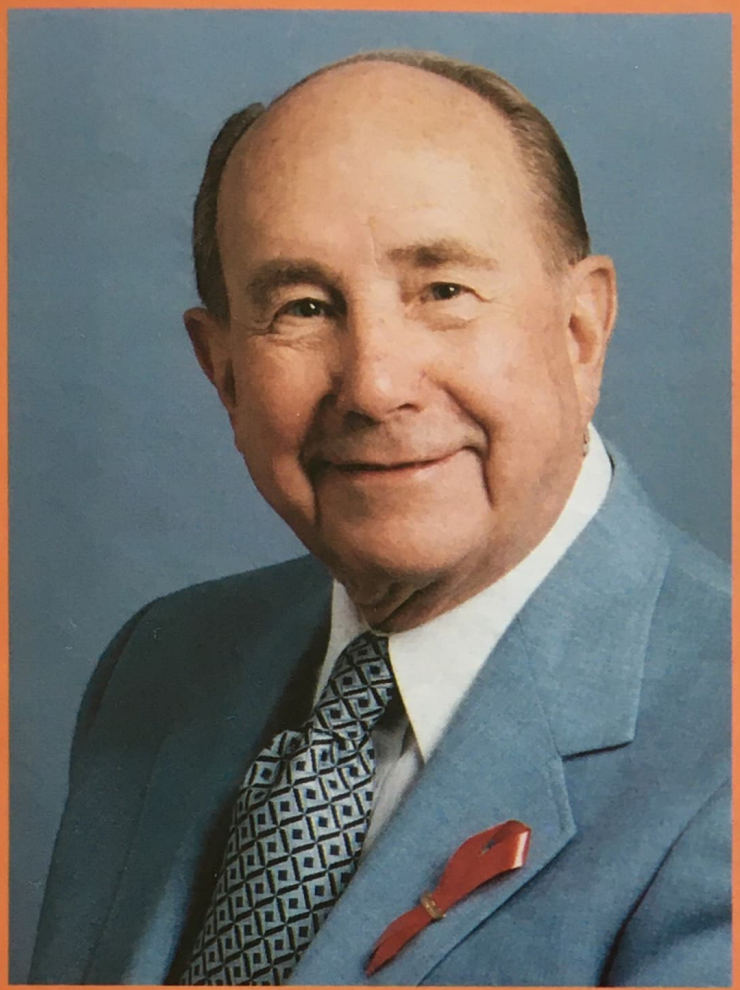
MAINE JIM *STEVE*

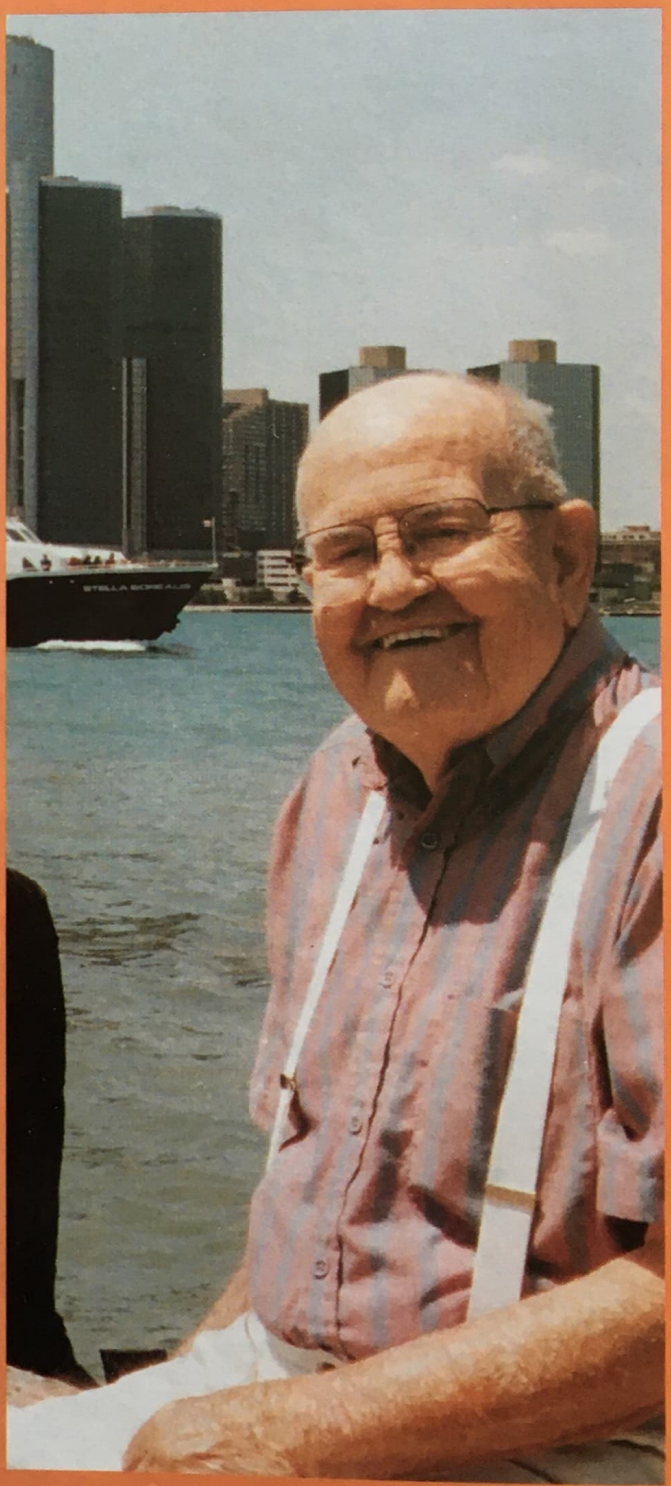




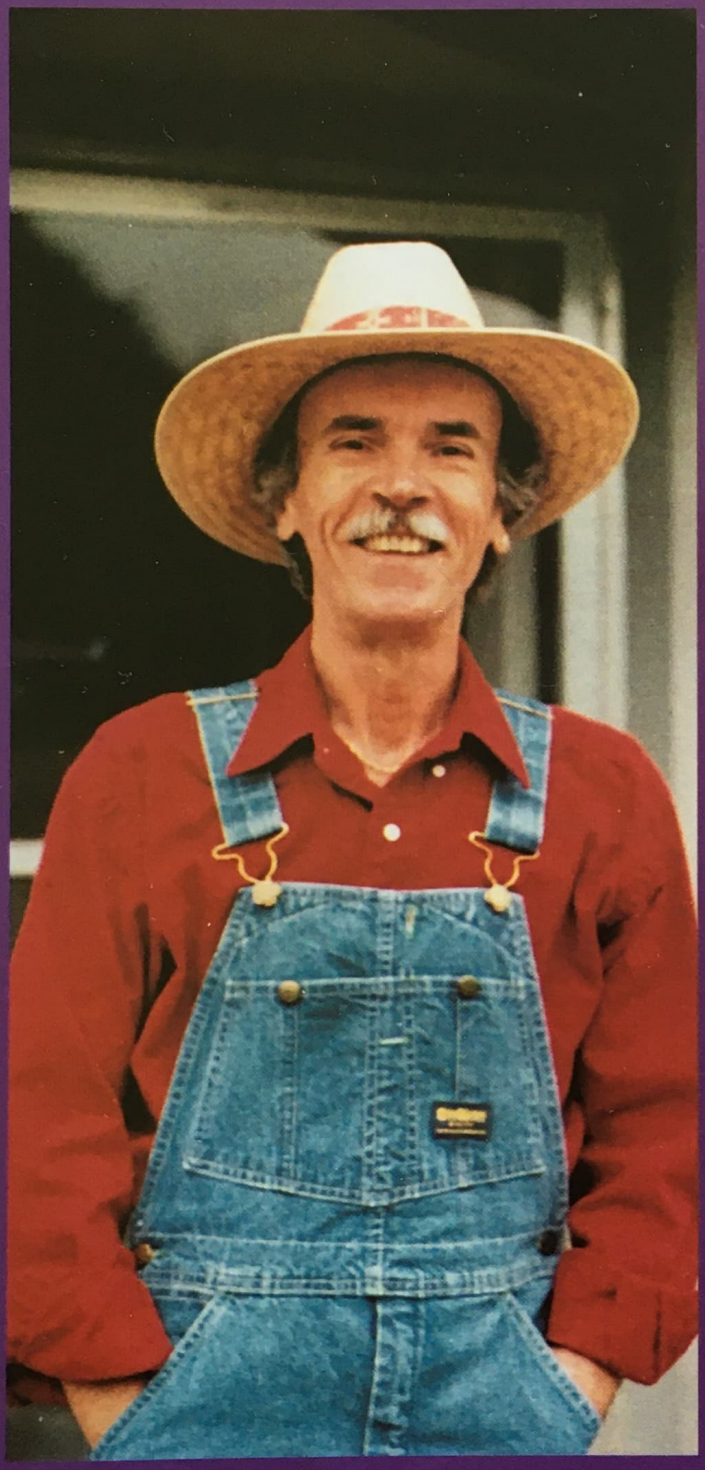
ESSEFF STAN *MIKE*

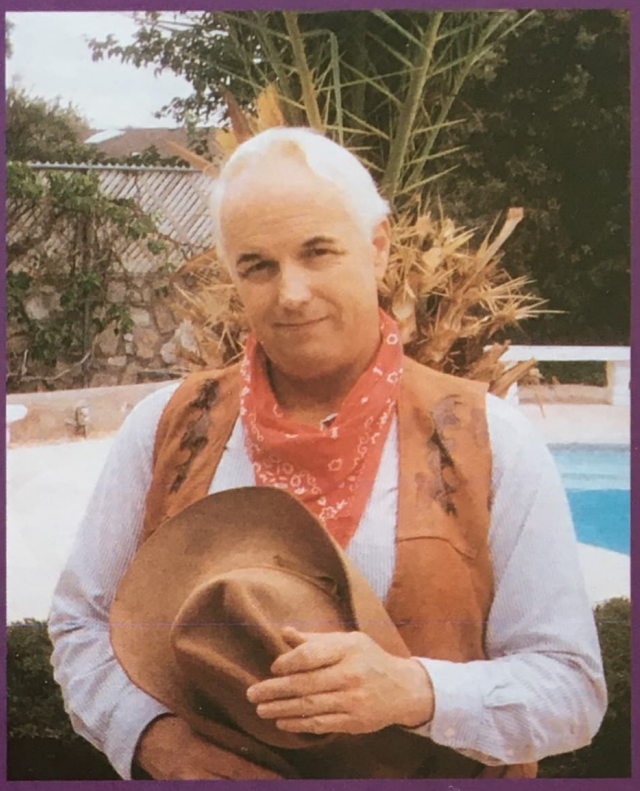
DUFFY

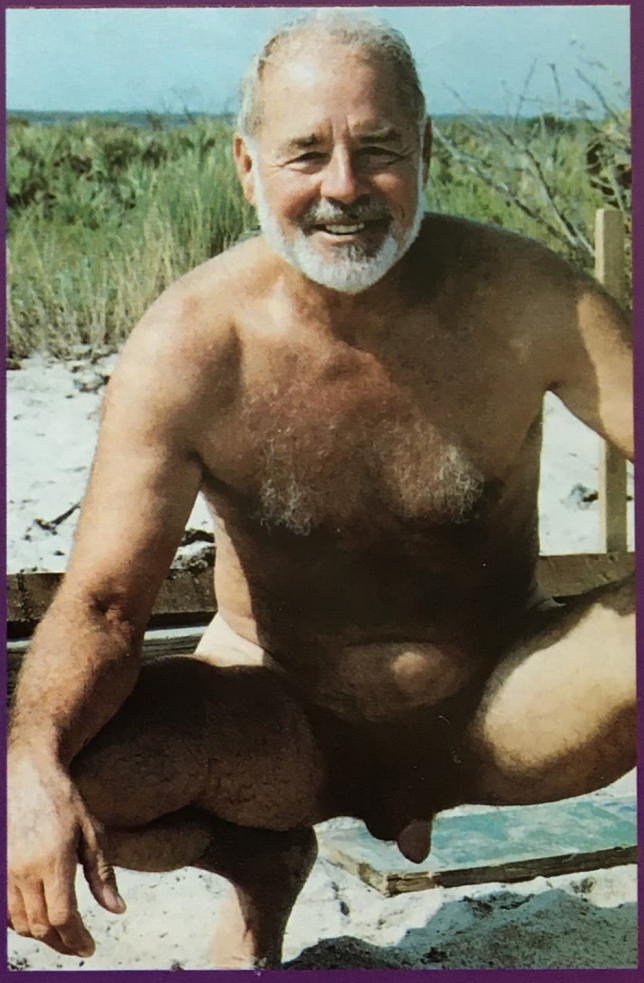




ROGER *SHUTTERHUG*







THOM *JOEL*

MR. G

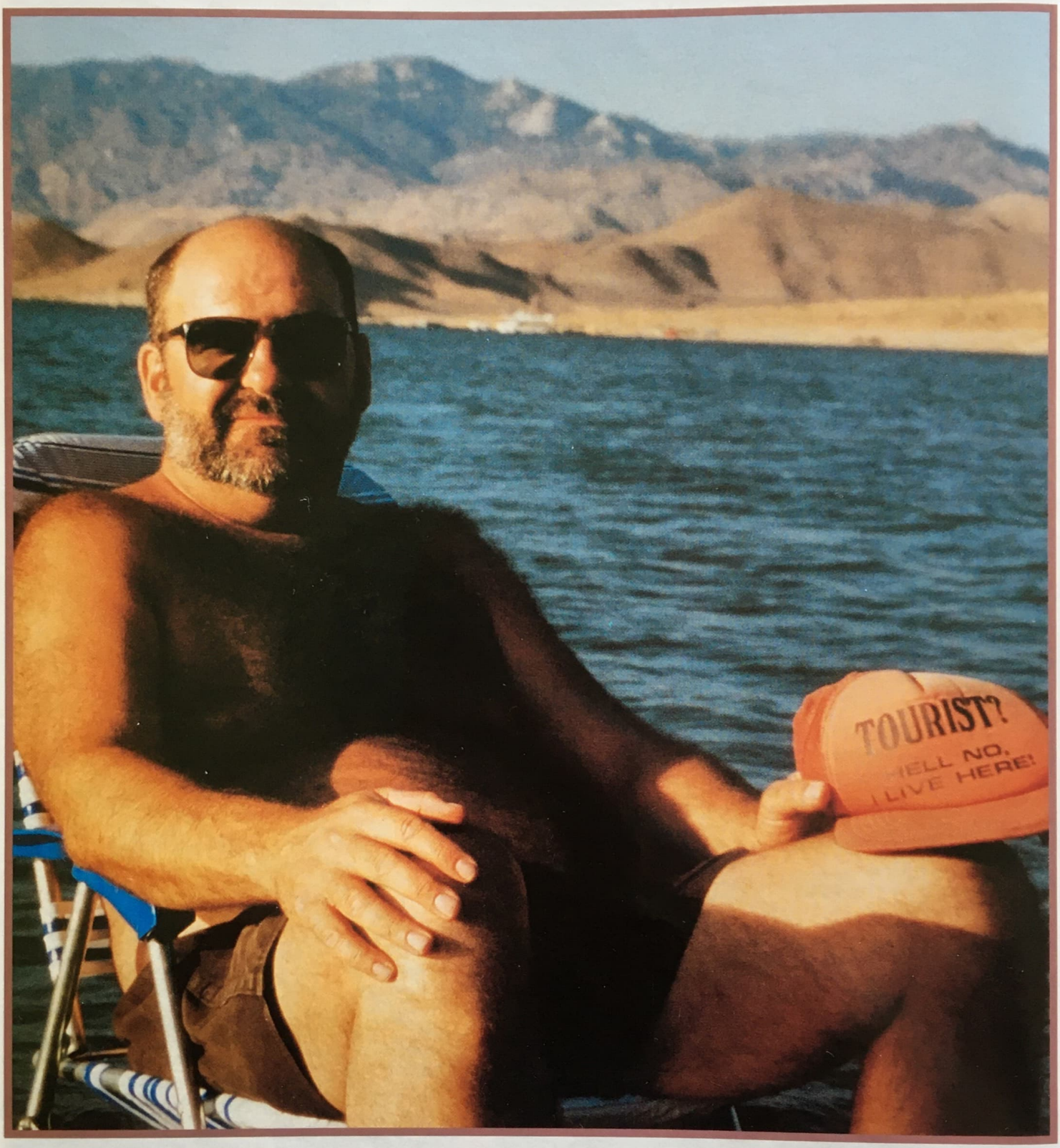
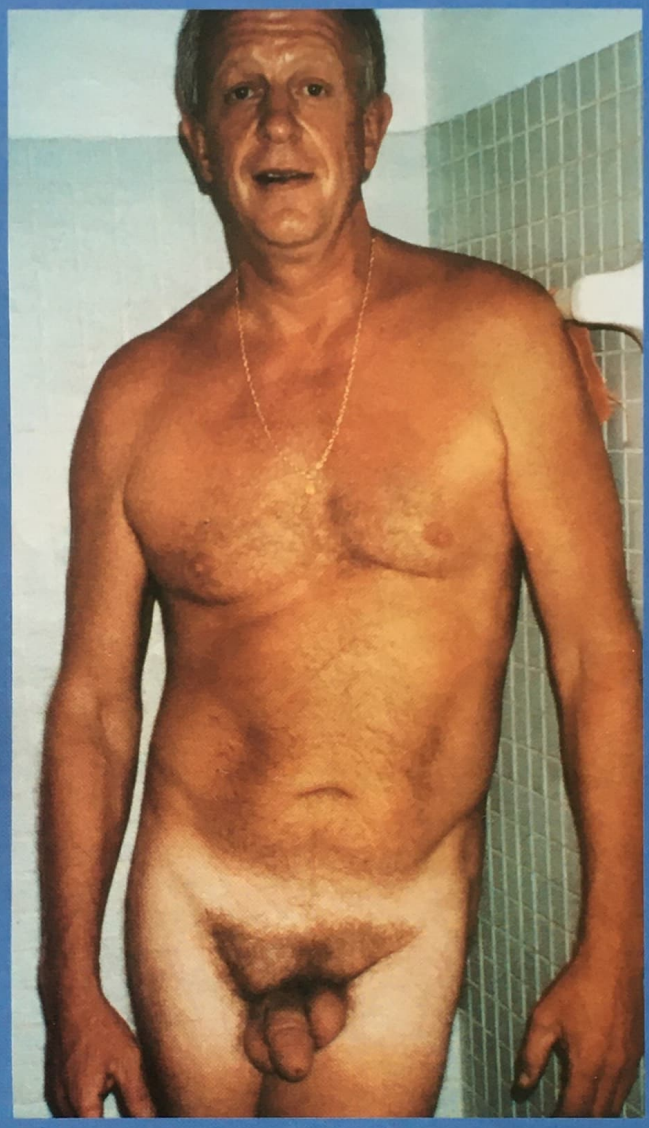
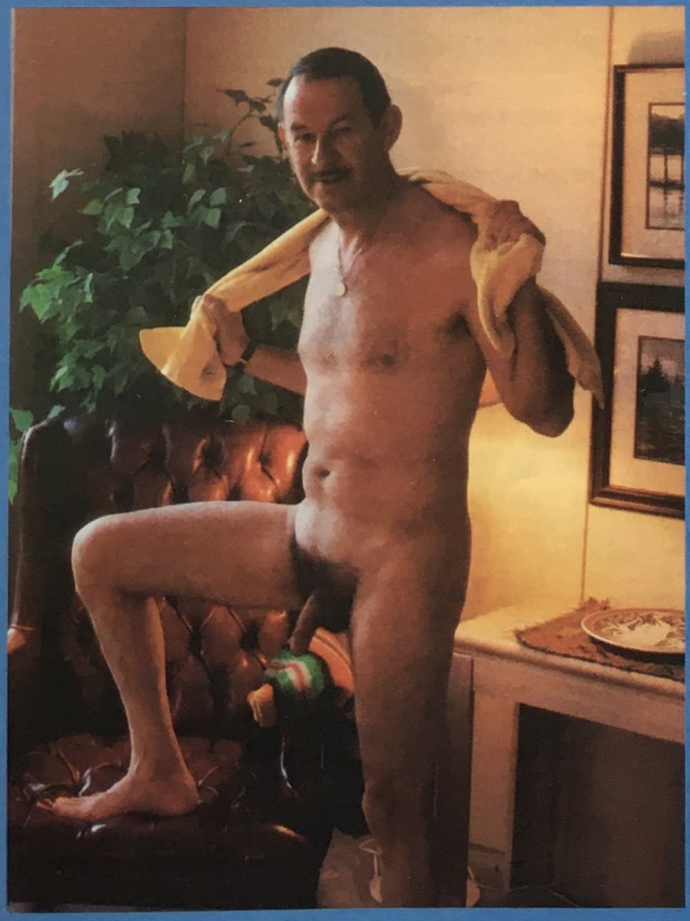


PHOTO BY BILL LEE

MARVELOUS MARVIN *STEVE S.*

WHITEY *BRUNO*

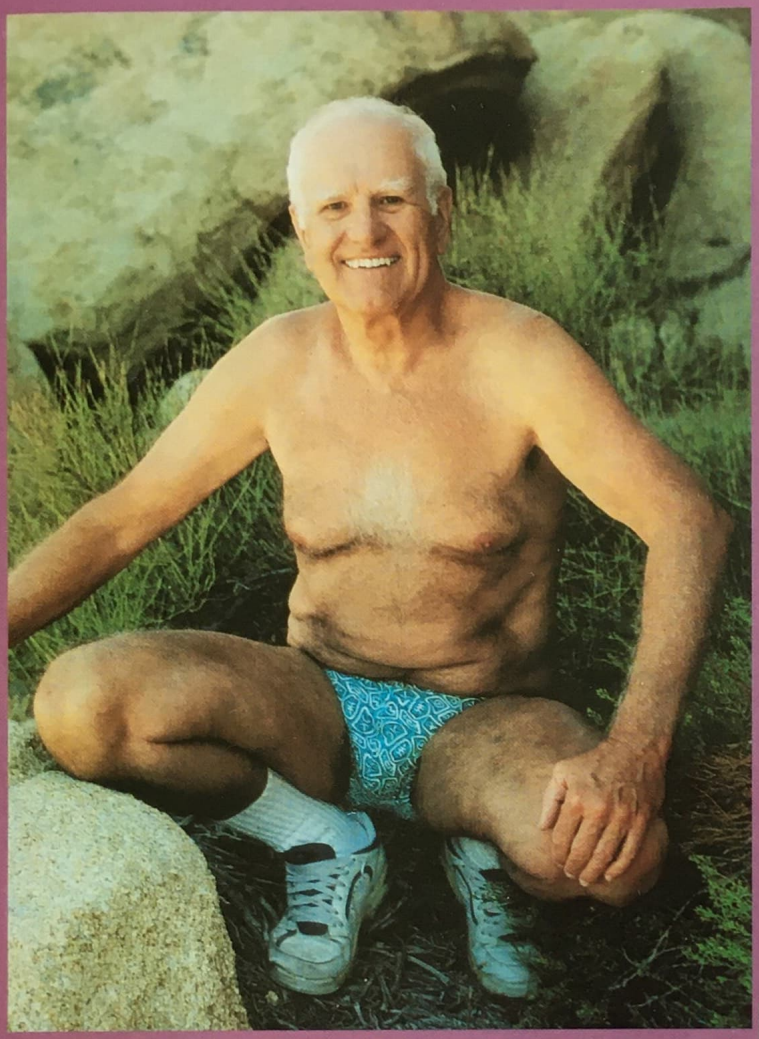




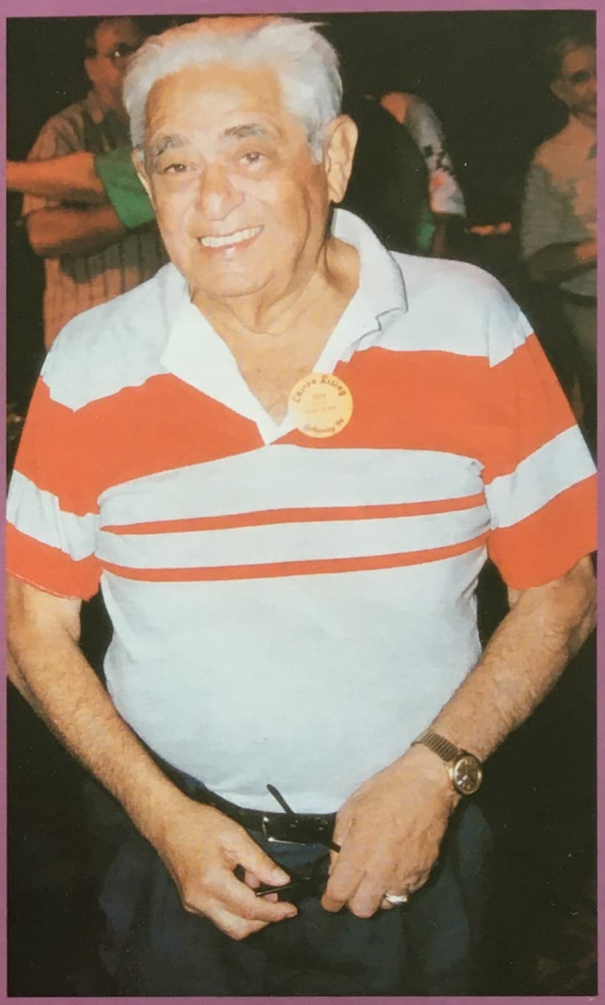
SCOTSMAN *MARTY*

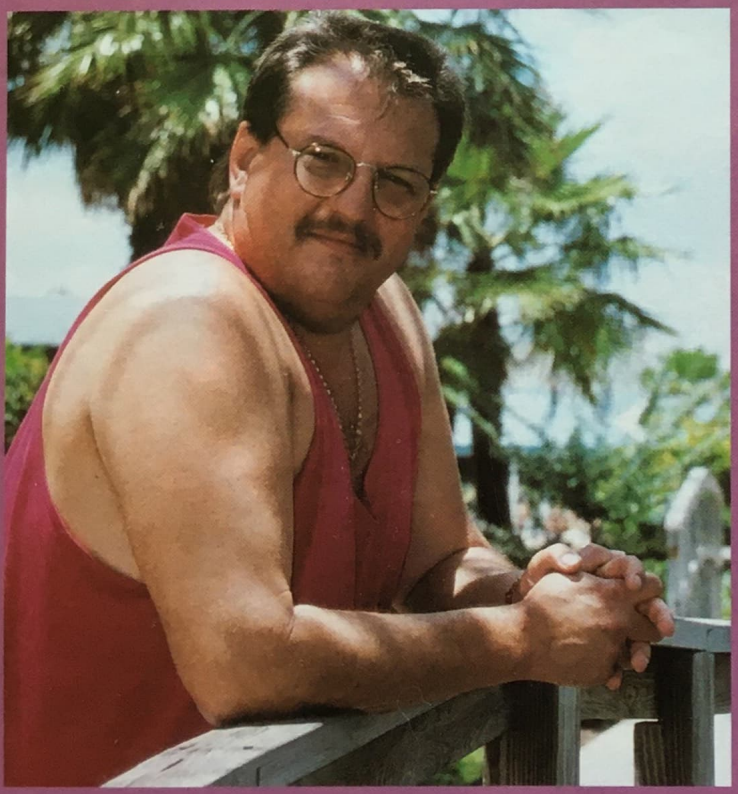
DIXIE DICK *THE MAGICIAN*

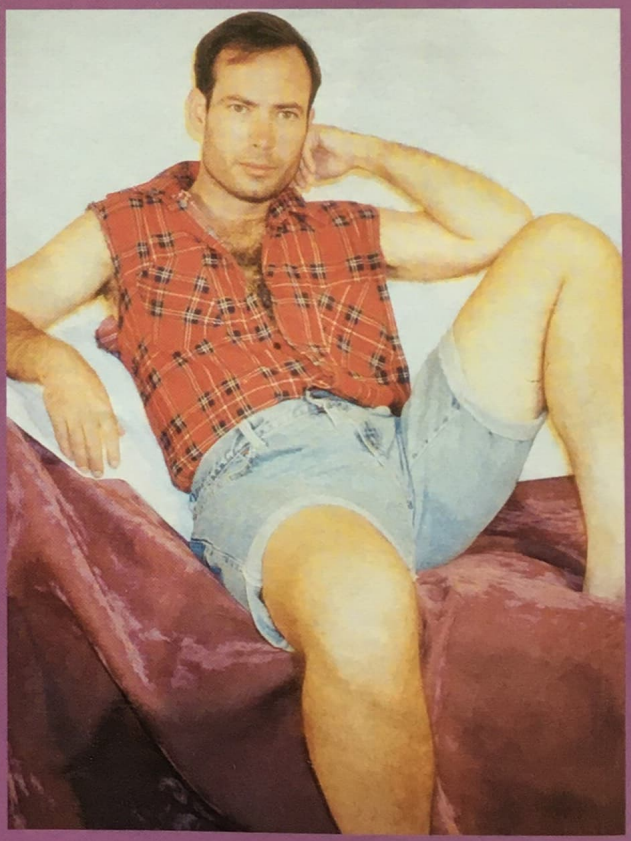
J.O. *BARNEY*



TRIPLE B *CHOCOLAD*







GEORGE JONES *MACRO*

KEN McNEELEGE *PHIL HIGGINS*

THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

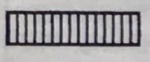
8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTICE - WE WILL <u>NOT</u>:

1. WAIT IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE FOR LETTERS WITH POSTAGE DUE. SUCH LETTERS WILL NOT BE CLAIMED.

2. FORWARD LARGE QUANTITIES OF MAIL FOR THOSE READERS WHO WRITE ALL NEW MODELS AND ADVERTISERS (AND WHO COULD BE PHOTO COLLECTORS OR MAILING LIST COMPILERS). WE WILL FORWARD FIVE PIECES OF MAIL PER WRITER AT NO CHARGE. FOR EVERY LETTER OVER FIVE, YOU MUST ENCLOSE $1 EACH (6 LETTERS = $1; 10 LETTERS = $5; 12 LETTERS = $7, ETC.). THIS IS *PER WRITER*, NOT *PER ENVELOPE.*

3. FORWARD LETTERS WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE. NOTE THE RECENT POSTAGE INCREASE BY USPS.



ALABAMA

(8/96) NATIONWIDE/MONTGOMERY: BM, 36, 245#, seeks older white male, 50+, heavy/medium, friendship, visits. Write: Allen, P.O. Box 241841, Montgomery, AL 36124. Weekends: (334) 277-9270.

ARIZONA

(12/95) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, live in Tucson area. Looking for someone 30-50 to build a monogamous relationship with. Drink/drug free, nonsmoker. Enjoy all forms of sex as long as safe. Your photo gets mine. Write: **BAREKAT**

(2/96) NATIONWIDE: SNOWBIRD PARTNER WANTED: NW in summer, SW in winter. Fishing, camping, gold prospecting, jazz, blues, bridge. Still working. GWM, 57, 6" cut, HIV negative, French/Greek A/P, 6 ft., 225#. Ned, P.O. Box 2295, Phoenix, AZ 85002.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(12/95) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Caring WM, 58, 5'10", 180#, 9 thick, cut inches. Looking for dominant, take charge, classy, well-to-do man over 55. I enjoy being spanked. Would like advice on my businesses. I will do whatever it takes to make you feel great all over. Write or call: Roger Silberman, 962 Jones #1, San Francisco, CA 94109, (415) 441-5191.

(12/95) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA: Husky, bearded, HIV neg., masculine Dad seeks Son. Photo to: Ken, Box 722, Campbell, CA 95009.

(4/96) HOLLISTER: GWM, 63, 5'-3", 125#, brown eyes, silver hair, excellent health, Italian extraction, retired professional jockey, Greek & French A/P, uncut. Interests include classical music, gardening, horses, dogs, gourmet cooking. Seek warm, affectionate, monogamous lifemate, 60+. Will relocate for the right man. Your photo gets mine. The Jockey, 234 Ash Lane, Hollister, CA 95023, (408) 637-3401.

(2/96) SAN JOSE: GWM, 59, 5'-7", tall, 160#, brown hair, cleanshaven, healthy, HIV negative, active. Enjoy theatre, movies, dining out, quiet times at home, cuddling, relaxing to soft music. Seeking younger, nonsmoker/non-drinker, smooth, trim, top, to share life's pleasures. I'm stable, attractive, professional, and a lot of fun to be with. J.H., P.O. Box 23493, San Jose, CA 95153.

(2/96) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: WM, 68, 6'-2", 200#, cleanshaven, HIV negative, considerate smoker, retired, quiet, somewhat an introvert, far prefer a quiet home life. Will not telerate drunks, drugs, or roughness. Relocation possible. Seek a WM, comparable build, hairy, self-supporting, masculine, straight-acting, hopefully for a relationship. Muturity far more important than age. Photograph appreciated. My articles and photographs have appeared in several issues of CR under the name FLORES. Write to: Leonard H. Corbett-Grant, P.O. Box 712, Napa, CA 94559-0712.

(4/96) NATIONWIDE: Chubby chaser likes big, burly bruisers, 50 ++, with big bones and big bellies. Partial to short fat guys too. Relationship oriented. I want to fall in love, run away to Ireland, live on the cliffs by the sea, and roll in the moss forever! Or we can rent a video. I'm 62, 5'-10", 180#, masculine, balanced (financially and emotionally). Since chemistry is first, let's share photos. E.P., P.O. Box 1057, Fairfax, CA 94978.

(4/96) EXCLUSIVELY BOTTOM! Sorry, that is not by choice but fact. Since ultimate goal is a monogamous relationship, GWM needs a well-endowed, HIV negative, TOTAL TOP in the 52-72 age range. Hairy, masculine, 62-year-old chubby prefers quiet home life over bars or travel. Please call DOGGIE at (510) 443-3083.

(4/96) CALIFORNIA, NATIONAL, INTERNATIONAL: CR Classics #4 model, STANDING TALL. GWM, in great shape, blond, solid libido, 60+, retired professional, 180#, 5'-10", HIV negative, uncut power tool and heavy big balls. I do like romance, massage, generous amount of sex, body toning, swimming, hiking, travel, theater music, movies and good food. Looking for masculine, horny, hung GWM with pleasant personality. Your photo will get mine in return. Get in touch with Kurt Kalb, 1001 Franklin St., #10B, San Francisco, CA 94109, phone: (415) 776-6313.

(12/95) SIERRA FOOTHILLS/WESTERN STATES: GWM, 64, 5'-8", 140#, physically sound, emotionally stable, financially secure, non-drinker, seeking friendship and also hopefully an affectionate gentleman for meaningful relationship. I enjoy classic cars, outdoors, travel, and learning new things. Write: M.K., P.O. Box 1473, Jamestown, CA 95327, or call (209) 533-8647.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

(12/95) CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: Easy-going, open-minded, pleasure-loving and affectionate senior seeks young-at-heart companion who can still learn new tricks from an old dog. Interests include (but not limited to) nudity, photography, music, theater, massage, hottubs, good food, wine and conversation. I'm 5'-7", 145#, nonsmoker, HIV negative, Greek/P, French/A. Write: **TARHEEL**

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(2/96) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happily horny, very masculine, versatile GWM, seeks assertive man. Size, age, grey, bald, bellies, potency, not important. You are masculine, HIV negative and you hug like a champ. I am 63, 5'-10", 215#, hairy and very talented. Prefer San Fernando Valley and Burbank. Write Paul, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(2/96) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 5'-11", 250#+, glasses, moustache, brown/brown, nonsmoker, passionate (oral A/P) nurturing, creative. Newly retired, financially secure. Seeking masculine lifemate under 40. Any race, body type welcome. Write with photo to: George Green, Box 1312, Canyon Country, CA 91386-1312.

(2/96) SAN DIEGO: GWM, 52, 5'-11", 225#, salt-pepper brown hair, blue eyes, mustache, smooth chest, cut, seeks masculine man to 65 yrs. Enjoy mutual J/O scenes, French, erotic massage, revealing clothes, nudity, frottage. Write/meet, photo exchange. Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(2/96) FIT, FIESTY, FIFTY-TWO and ready to provide the right guy with sincerity, companionship, love, and a life filled with growth and sharing. Seeking reality over rhetoric, substance over symbolism. If you're 35 to 50, together, willing to relocate, I'd like to hear from you. We'll exchange photos. Don, P.O. Box 5236, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

(8/95) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Accomplished artist, 65, 6 ft., 246 #, blue-green eyes, horny with big fat uncut dick, seeks younger man, semi-muscular, 180-200#, nonsmoker, non-drinker/drugger. I'm a quiet homebody (too much so) who loves all music, art, theater, camping. One of my paintings appeared in CR 64 and my photo appeared in CR 57. Dick Collins: (818) 964-8121.

(2/96) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Retired, non-drinking senior needed by very active C-Riser senior for house sitting and occasional caring for dogs. Free room in exchange. Should like rural living and dogs. DOUBLE L, phone no. (619) 868-3597

(12/95) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: Cute European seeks sponsor for education. Intelligent, refined, mature, attractive, slender GWM, age 23, seeks meaningful but open relationship with a gentleman who will provide support and help for education. Intellectually and sexually attracted to bright, grey-haired, portly and distinguished gentleman over 50 years old. Greek A/P, French A/P. Please write and send current photo and phone number to: **ANTON WEBER**

(2/96) SANTA BARBARA: GWM, 65, 6'-1", 175#, blue/gray-brown, HIV negative, N/S, seeking friends/partner, approx. 35-65. Enjoy traveling, gardening, nature, home projects, movies, camping, quiet times, J.O., French, massage, affection, growth, simple life. Fisher, P.O. Box 40333, Santa Barbara, CA 93140. (805) 565-2017.

(4/96) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: WM, 62, 5'-11", sincere, Greek passive, horny but not hard up. Seeks new friends, all ages, for fun, travel, visits. Write or call: Alfred, Box 911, Thousand Palms, CA 92276.

(8/96) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 6'-1", 195#, adventurous traveler, bicyclist. Likes outdoors, keeping in shape. Seeks non-smoking, masculine senior who is sincere, affectionate and in-shape—someone who likes the above and who prefers quiet, quality times together. Your photo gets mine. **CYCLIST**

(12/95) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/OREGON: I'm a divorced, very active white senior gent who is looking for a very special senior guy who is not a sex tramp. I'm HIV negative; special guy must be proveably the same. I've traveled, worked and studied widely, but I am not an intellectual snob. I'm interested in most everything except competative sports. Don't write fanciful letters, but I do pretty well on the phone. I'm financially stable and special guy must be the same. Plumbing is of interest but not paramount. Character is! I have a photo and a phone; hopefully you have the same? E.M., P.O. Box 34187, San Diego, CA 92163.

(2/96) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Spanish/Brazilian, lean, muscular, dark, smooth, masculine but tender. I am romantic, homebody and loving. Enjoy nature, quiet times at home, closeness. Seeking romantic, monogamous, HIV negative, non-bar type for friendship, hopefully leading to a monogamous, long-term relationship. T. Hernandez, P.O. Box 188264, Carlsbad, CA 92009.

COLORADO

(12/95) S.W. COLORADO: Retired, 63, 5'-9", 150#, 6" uncut, short brown/grey hair, beard. I'm a rancher, pilot, skier, photographer, horse and dog trainer. Enjoy collecting S.W. Indian art, classic cars, airplanes, books. Have passion for hairy, bald, blue-eyed, rugged-looking ranchers. Especially attracted to short-clipped, fringe of hair on bald heads, close-cut finger nails, hairy backs, bellies, butts, snap-front fly, boxer shorts, 50-70 yrs, nonsmoker, light drinker, who enjoys domestic travel in RV or private plane. Australia and New Zealand, Mexico, South America - speak a little Spanish. Red, blond or grey-haired fellows, who enjoy being loved and returning that love to this widower who has a lot of love to give to the right ole boy who's out there somewhere. Write: Jack H-D, 601 County Road 309, Durango, CO 81301, or phone (303) 247-4984.

CONNECTICUT

(12/95) ARE YOU A BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 51, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813. (203) 794-0868.

FLORIDA

(2/96) OCALA: GWM, 50, HIV negative. Offers uninhibited mutual pleasure in the comfort of your home. Hard and horny, have it the way you want it. Creative and fun group welcome. No relationship wanted. Write: Pat Peerless, P.O. Box 1447, Belleview, FL 34421.

(8/96) FLORIDA: Young in heart and appearance, this 78 yr young GWM is in search of a gay but masculine senior who is honest, sincere and affectionate, for friendship and fun, day or evening. South Broward area or north Dade is preferred. I'm a retired professional, a college graduate, widower, a silver fox with average looks, 5'-6" tall and weigh 160#. I'm a nonsmoker, moderate drinker who loves life, music, the arts, good food and a quiet, cozy evening at home. Sexually I'm Fr A/Gr P when aroused. However, I find that spending quality time in foreplay is very stimulating and satisfying. If

you're tired of the singles scene, let's meet and get acquainted. No strings attached. A letter with your picture (returnable) gets mine. Sorry, no picture, no answer. Write: **DIOGENES**

(12/95) FLORIDA WEST COAST: If you are a GWM in your 30s or 40s and wish for a loving, caring, honest life partner in his 60s who loves home life, will you write to me? I am a GWM who also has a prostate problem, but this does not affect my ability to love. It will only make me more loving, faithful and devoted to you. **OMEGA**

(4/96) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Any leather masters out there? 55 yr young chubby GWM, 5'-8", 240#, HIV negative, needs training. Any age master is welcome. Want to experience CBT, TT, WS, VA, etc., as you deem necessary, Sir. Will travel to your playroom or dungeon. R.B., P.O. Box 451622, Sunrise, FL 33345.

(2/96) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: I hope you are the person I have been searching for. I am a GWM in my mid-sixties and am looking for a GWM in his 30s or 40s to share the second half of my life with. You will receive from this relationship honesty, faithfulness, sincerity, and unconditional love, and I hope to receive the same from you. I would love to do in life what my partner wishes to do, to remain home and enjoy a quiet life or socialize and travel with people of all ages. Most important, I will support you in any way possible with your future vocational plans, as I know you would if I were in your place. Write soon. **ALPHA**

(4/96) FT. LAUDERDALE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-10", 190#, white mustache and sides, silver hair, caring, loving, sincere, monogamous, great sense of humor, seeking young, slender lifemate. Photo appreciated. Write: Don, P.O. Box 11313, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33339.

(4/96) POMPANO BEACH/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 31, 5'-10", 165#, blondish hair, blue eyes, looking for relationship with man over 250# and over 50 years. Write: Meacham, 612 N.E. 23rd Ave., Pompano Beach, FL 33062.

(12/95) SARASOTA: Smooth teddy bear, 69, 200+, gray/blue, healthy, affectionate. Belt okay. Southern hospitality. Ted J., 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236. (941) 365-6325.

(2/96) BRADENTON/NATIONWIDE: GBM, 40, 5'-8", 140#, hung, and athletic. Enjoy closeness with 50+, mature, in-shape men. I'm French and Greek A/P, nonsmoker/drinker, and no drugs. Write: J.W., P.O. Box 21014, Bradenton, FL 34203-1014.

GEORGIA

(4/96) AFFECTIONATE, CUDDLY, PLAYFUL TEDDY BEAR: 48, 5'-10", 190#, with smiling blue eyes and brown hair, seeks loving soul mate, 20-55. Ken, P.O. Box 16374, Savannah, GA 31416.

IDAHO

(4/96) SOUTHERN IDAHO: MWM, 65, 6 ft., 165#, seeks friends in area or traveling through. I am versatile, not seeking relationship. Enjoy all safe sex. Dick Harper, P.O. Box 548, Burley, ID 83318. Weekdays: (208) 678-7392.

ILLINOIS

(4/96) SOUTHERN ILLINOIS: GWM, 5'-11", 240#, brown/gray hair, blue eyes, mustache, HIV negative, nonsmoker, social drinker. Seeking someone to share long walks, flea markets, quiet times at home, warm hugs, affectionate cuddling. Age/size unimportant. Penpals welcome. Write: **SALUKI**

INDIANA

(4/96) WEST-CENTRAL INDIANA/NATIONWIDE: 52, 5'-9", 185#, 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for older (60s to 80s) white, clean-shaven, gray/white hair, uncut, short and stocky a plus. I'm a social drinker, smoke a pipe, like golfing, fishing and traveling. I have a lot of love to share with anyone who likes a good man-to-man relationship. Send photo and phone number to R.D.W., 1536 S. Center St., Terre Haute, IN 47802.

IOWA

(2/96) IOWA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 55, 5'-10", 180#, brown balding hair, masculine, cut, Fr. active, Gr. passive, educated and affectionate. Seeking a confident but affectionate Bi-GWM muscular topman, 40-58, Fr. passive, Gr. active, cut, weight/height proportional, muscular hairy chest/forearms/hands, clean-shaven, rugged, solid body and mind, for a monogamous life partner. Especially interested in cattle ranchers/farmers. Interests include pets, raising livestock, photography, sports fan, outdoors, country living. Write with photo to G.K., P.O. Box 223, Colo, IA 50056.

KANSAS

(12/95) NATIONWIDE: BM, 32, 6'-2", 175#, HIV negative, nonsmoker, grad student, honest, loyal and passionate. Seeks an established, caring, fatherly type gentleman, 38-70, for a long-term relationship/friendship. Can relocate. Photo. Write: J. Williams, Box 1721, Manhattan, KS 66505.

MICHIGAN

(2/96) MICHIGAN: GWM, 54, 5'-8", brown hair (buzz cut now), 168#. Pierced nipples and cock. A nudist looking for guys to enjoy life with. Do you want a moderate drinker, nonsmoker, romantic, affectionate, HIV negative gourmet cook who is sincere, religious, French A/P, Greek P and very horny. John Pilon, P.O. Box 288, Prudenville, MI 48651. Call (517) 366-5953.

(12/95) SUBURBAN DETROIT: GWM, 46, 5'-8", 165#, nonsmoker, "still" looking for GWM companion: 45-55, medium build with body hair. I enjoy being home (at work, reading, listening to music), but I also like the movies, theatre, golf, dining out, classic cars, Sunday drives and affectionate conversation. Sound interesting? Write: **HOMEBODY**

MINNESOTA

(4/96) MINNESOTA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 6'-1", 220#, professional with a good heart. Seeks a mature Asian for a long-term relationship. I love travel, cooking, exercise and fun in bed. I am HIV negative, and you should be too. Thanks for writing! **ASIA**

MISSISSIPPI

(12/95) THE TRAVELIN' PROFESSOR: Ex-professor of history, 69 years old, 6'-2", 173#, grey hair, brown eyes, versatile. Especially interested in meeting priests, clergy, and other professionals. Can visit and host. Write: J.W., P.O. Box 4056, Biloxi, MS 39535.

MISSOURI

(12/95) KANSAS CITY/NATIONWIDE: GHM (Mex), 5'-11", 270#, 46, HIV negative, in search of fat men for safe, discreet, adult fun. Write Peter, 1018 Bennington, Kansas City, MO 64126.

(2/96) METRO ST. LOUIS: Attractive, sweet, smooth, sensual, seductive, sexy senior, simply seeking sexy son. GWM, 60s, intelligent, kind, gentle, healthy, 5'-6", 150#, 6-1/2 enticing uncut inches, French A/P, loves cuddling hugging, kissing, feeling, fondling, etc. with TLC. Seeks good-looking, HIV negative, well-built, 21-45+, nicely hung, masculine, self-supporting, loving, affectionate son. Daddy wants to meet a sweet young guy for regular/occasional, pleasurable encounters. Write: Jim Young, P.O. Box 23961, Belleville, IL 62223.

(4/96) LAKE LOTAWANA: Sane, sensible male could do with the contact of someone similar. I'm 6 ft., 225 pounds, black hair (rapidly receding and salt & peppering), bearded, hairy. I've got a good job, a nice (but chronically untidy) home and a reasonably decent outlook on life. I'm not age or weight conscious. I'm more than a sum of my parts. Write Steve at Rt. 4, Box H-50, Lake Lotawana, MO 64086.

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MONTANA

(2/96) NATIONWIDE and NORTHWEST: Mid-60s, look younger, pleasantly plump, HIV negative, 250#, 5'-10", an armpit bear, slightly crippled but versatile. Am sex healer and a human being with usual quota of faults and appetites. Likes include tropics, Mediterranean, Canada, good writing, pinochle, talk, wine, food, fair breath. I travel and graciously host. Write: **CRIPBEAR**

NEVADA

(12/95) NATIONWIDE: George Peppard lookalike, 62, in search of long-term relationship/friends under 45, any race. Interests: old films/musicals, offbeat travel, bookstores, walking, animals. Richard - (702) 329-2474

NEW JERSEY

(10/96) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 66, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(12/95) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 58, tall thin type. Bald; otherwise moderately hairy. Healthy, HIV negative, nonsmoker. Quiet, private, conservative lifestyle. Early-retired professional. Educated, secure; own home in woodsy NYC suburb. Photography artist. Seeking friends and companions with guys my age or younger (no lower age limitations). Also seeking one-on-one relationship. Sexually non-demanding, accommodating, versatile; body massage expert! YOU: Healthy, HIV negative, honest, sense of humor; you must have patience and sufficient leisure time to invest in a new friendship. I'm as interested in your personality, character and talents as in your physical attributes! No ethnic restrictions. No inmates. Write descriptive letter; photo helpful. David Bream, 11 Pine Street, Tenafly, NJ 07670-3017.

NEW MEXICO

(12/95) ALBUQUERQUE, SOUTHWEST, NATIONWIDE: Exciting GWM, 59, 6'-1", 220#, thinning on top, gray hair, seeks 30-60+ for friendship and possible relationship. I enjoy skiing, tennis, travel, classical music, opera, dining out, cooking, theater. I am a Visual Artist. French/Greek A/P. Sincerity and honesty are paramount to any friendship. PLEASE, only serious respond. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply. Write: JBH, 5260 Mesa Del Oso Rd, N.E., Albuquerque, NM 87111.

NEW YORK

(12/95) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 68, 6'-1", 170#, brown hair with white streak, seeks 30-65, smooth body, for friendship and more. Oral service, fit, discreet and sincere. Your photo gets mine. Write: **BIG BOB**

(12/95) NEW YORK CITY/INTERNATIONAL: Are you a very stout man (any age/ethnicity)? I'm SBiWM, busy performer/craftsman, humanities educator, passionate, healthy, no tobacco/drink/drugs, HIV negative, white hair & beard, 5'-9", 150#, 70; sharer, but give and need "space"; not into daddy-boy, master-slave or kinky; bare, not "bear." Photo/phone for same. Russell, P.O. Box 617, New York, NY 10014-0617.

(2/96) NEW YORK CITY/NATIONWIDE: This executive Daddy is 60, 225#, gray/silver hair, nonsmoker, and is looking for a younger (30+) guy who would like to be introduced to (or expand on his current knowledge of) things like opera, theatre, fine dining, travel, etc. All replies answered. Photo appreciated and returned. I know you're out there, and I'm a great mentor. Write: **NEW YORK DADDY**

(4/96) MID-HUDSON NEW YORK: GWM, 56, 6'-2", 200#, seeks 18-30s, preferably smooth, lean, goal-oriented, for LTR. I am a nurturer, mento type, no sugar daddy. Am into film (collector), soundtracks, hiking, theater, cyberspace, travel, music, life. Recently retired educator. Serious inquiries only. Your photo and telephone number (exchanged) will get a prompt reply. Contact: **GOOD DAD 2**

(12/95) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: AM, 31, 6 ft., 175#. Interests are art, music, travel, sports. Seeking honest, kind, sincere, trustful, older gentlemen, 59-70, for penpals/friendship/relationship. Photo appreciated. Write: A.P., P.O. Box 1761, New York, NY 10009.

(4/96) OZONE PARK: Gay white married man, 60, 5'-7", 165#, D/D and HIV free, seeking Queens residents, bi/gay, white. Married or not, sensuous lovers, cleanshaven, 60s - 70s. Seniors are sexier, with own place or partner with one. Intimate, sensuous get-togethers two-five times per week. Would love mutual French/Greek. Also love to wear lingerie, heels. Let's have those secret manly pleasures we all desire and lust for. **BOBOPO**

OHIO

(2/96) CLEVELAND/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 5'-4", 190#, seeks friends, penpals, son/buddy types, nationwide, 18-45, on a non-relationship basis. Have many interests, needs, wants, desires. Am sincere, passionate, romantic, loving, etc. Send explicit letter/photo if possible to H.P.S., P.O. Box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

OKLAHOMA

(12/95) NW OKLAHOMA/NATIONWIDE: 6 ft., 205#, widower, 81, retired professional. Enjoy corresponding and meeting in person. Very affectionate, prominent sensitive nipples. Enjoy prolonged A/P oral foreplay. Admire hirsute bodies and foreskins of mature men. Excellent health. Hobbies are pop music, theater, flowers and zoo life. Active Christian. Photo and phone exchange. (405) 256-7284.

(12/95) OKLAHOMA CITY AREA: Young married couple (BiWBear: 5'-9", 260, 24 and N.AmF: 5'8", 240, 25) seeks older overweight BiBear (grey/white beard) for friendship and safe play. Seeking educated, discreet, kind, friendly, nonsmoking, professor-like or santa-like bear with a good sense of humor. Write to Mudbear@telepath.com or write: **MUDBEAR**

PENNSYLVANIA

(12/95) PENNSYLVANIA/NEW JERSEY/MARYLAND/NATIONWIDE: Very cute, loving, friendly GWM, 50, 5'-3", 133#, seeks caring, passionate man for love, friendship and pleasure. I like the outdoors, swimming, the beach, camping, skiing, long walks, playful nudity, and travel. I also like the indoors, warmth, cuddling, conversation, tenderness, and hot, naked, passionate love making. Write: Jay, 150 East Wynnewood Rd., Apt. 23J, Wynnewood, PA 19096.

TEXAS

(6/96) SHERMAN: GWM, looking for an honest and sincere person for a good, honest relationship. I do not drink or smoke or use drugs. I'm 54 years old, with blue eyes and brown hair. Weight: 190#. HIV negative. Write to John Brewer, 719 S. Charles, Sherman, TX 75090. (903) 868-2448.

(12/95) TALL DADDY SEEKS SHORT, OLDER BOY: GWM, 35, primarily top, hairy body, brown eyes and hair, balding. Interests include: travel, art museums, bridge, aquatic sports, the arts. I am seeking a lifemate. My job and real estate properties make relocation difficult for me. If you are interested, write to: Morgan, P.O. Box 227412, Dallas, TX 75222-7412. You must be: Greek passive, nonsmoker, under 5'-7", stout or chubby, balding, and open minded about kink, especially role playing and fantasy fulfillment. I prefer that you be: non-drinker, small-endowed, retired blue collar.

(4/96) HOUSTON: GWM, 46, 5'-9", 205#, HIV negative, muscular-built man, seeking older top-man possessing moral values. Must be aggressive, assertive, affectionate, and ready to settle down to a relationship. Your way, rightaway, anyway you like it. **BOBCAT**

UTAH

(4/96) WESTERN STATES/NATIONAL: 54, 6 ft., 190#, athletic, great shape, hairy chest, masculine, friendly, uncut, professional, wide interests, HIV negative, French A/P, JO, seeks GWM, masculine, hairy, HIV negative, safe, nice, average to large equipment, non-kinky, age and looks not important (sincerity is). Stocky a plus (not too heavy), facial hair and uncut a plus. Like to give and get erotic massages, hugging, etc. Like marines—would like to find a few good men for long-term relationship and real friendship. Write Dan Mack, P.O. Box 863, Salt Lake City, UT 84110.

VIRGINIA

(2/96) ARLINGTON: GWM, 53, 5'-9", 248#, bear, moustache. Race unimportant. Interests: meditation, massage, C & W dancing. Send photo if possible. Boom, P.O. Box 4641, Arlington, VA 22204.

(12/95) ALEXANDRIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 55, 5'-8", 166#, clean-shaven, smooth, looking for Daddy or brother as friend or lover. As comfortable in tux as jeans. Hobbies include travel, reading, writing, movies, fine arts and giving/receiving massages. Can travel and eligible to relocate around winter, 1996. Penpals from anywhere welcome. R. Nichols, 2720 Sherwood Hall Lane, Alexandria, VA 22306.

WASHINGTON

(12/95) SEATTLE/NATIONWIDE: Loving, caring, romantic GWM, 60s (CR 67, p. 30), 5'-9", 190#, looking for mature, any race, for LTR. Enjoy theater, travel, fine dining, reading, music. Serious only with photo. **RIC**

(6/96)) SEATTLE AREA MAN SEEKS YOUNGER PARTNER who is mature, strongly self-sufficient, likes himself, and is willing to make the effort that it takes to establish a long-term, monogamous relationship. I'm 59, 6'-1", 210#, masculine, caring, aggressive, affectionate, hairy and bearded. I have diverse interests, including travel, sailing, skiing, hiking, movies, the theater, history, the arts and home. Please be a man who can follow at times but lead at others. Can you relocate? Sam, P.O. Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096

(12/95) SEATTLE/NATIONWIDE: YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED if you are a senior GWM and like me: lovely but loving, enjoy arts, opera, classical music, travel, good food, and walking along the beach ... then I would love to meet you. I'm a well-fit Asian in my late 30s, HIV negative, good career, and ready for a loving relationship. Please write with photo to: **OCEAN**

(4/96) SEATTLE AREA: Lost lover of 23 years last spring. Want to hold and be held. Very lonely GWM, 66, 5'-10", 195#, bald with white fringe, short beard & moustache. Enjoy cuddling, oral and foreplay. Like cooking, travel, scrabble. Seeking similar, 35-55, preferably hairy (not a must). Chad, P.O. Box 9832, Seattle, WA 98109.

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: International letter rates have gone up. Please check with your postmaster. Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(2/96) INTERNATIONAL: GWM 6'2", 225#, 52 yrs old, HIV neg, financially independent, living in Spain, smoker, social drinker, would like to meet Ram-type 50+, husky, hairy, masculine, take-charge gentleman who has a good sense of humor. A tuxedo to him is the same as wearing blue jeans. He should be experienced in the international straight and gay social life, and if he has a twinkle in his eye, that will make it perfect. Please, if possible, send picture, which I will return, and letter to: **OSPREY**

(4/97) ITALY: I am 25, virile, lovely, sensual. I love nudism and I seek mature men, 45-80, for friendship, exchanging correspondence, phone talk and, if possible, a visit. Letter with photo and/or phone appreciated. Will answer all. Write: **FERRARI**

(4/96) INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 56, 5'-8", 150#, hung, uncut, grey-green eyes, light brown hair, in good shape, attractive, healthy, HIV negative, masculine, versatile, honest, sincere, professional, stable, secure, economically independent. Likes travel, arts, reading, music, theatre, gym, nature, beaches, nudism, sense of humor, creativity. No D/S. Light drinking. Monogamous. Lives in permanent vacations between South America, Europe and USA, but open to any interesting proposal. Seeking attractive, GWM, HIV negative, cultured, educated, mature (white hair a plus), masculine, sense of humor, honest, in good shape, stable, secure, independent, healthy, for friendship and more, maybe lifemate, to care for, spoil him and enjoy good times together. Write: RMZ - C.C. 94 - SUC. 48 - 1448 BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.

(12/95) WANTED DESPERATELY: HIV negative Daddy, 55+, dark/gray hair, possessing three or more of the following: uncut, Oriental, bald, hirsute, dentured, bunions. Me: 31, 5'-8", 181#, professional, cute, obedient GOM with smooth skin, stocky build. Into modern arts, classical music, safe sex, with foot fetish. Photos preferable with toes exposed. Respond to: Colin, Mail Box 326, 84 Marylebone High St., London W1M 3DE, U.K.

(12/95) MEXICO: GWM, 39, 1.68 m, 70 kg, cuerpo atlético, busca amigos en España de 55-80 años, robustos, canosos. Escribe incluyendo fotografia: Alvarado, Dr. Lucio 102, Edif. C-1, 201, Doctores, C.P. 06720, México, D.F.

(2/96) TAIWAN: Well-educated Taiwanese, 41, 5'-7", 127#, young-looking with good sense of humor, seeks white or Asian gentlemen, aged 60+ for long-distance love. Like professional top man, gray hair, and not too much body hair. No heavyweights, gyms or fems. Age must be over 60, serious only. Please write with photo to: LIH, P.O. Box 1283, Taichung, TAIWAN.

(2/96) CANADA (AND USA): GWM, retired professional, tall, hairy, in-shape, good appearance, clean, well-hung, and uncut. I have many interests including sports. I seek 65 or under, masculine, who is likewise healthy, kind, honest, loyal, for a faithful, monogamous relationship. I am versatile, including great oral skills. Prefer nonsmoker, non- or light-drinker. Would enjoy warmer, dry climate. **NORTHERN BLUE JAY**

(12/95) CANADA/USA/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 59, 5'-8-1/2, 180#, gray hair, healthy, owns home, nonsmoker/drinker. Interests include travel, bridge, classical music, theatre, walking, etc. Seeks unattached, masculine gentleman, 60+, for monogamous relationship. Physical attributes not important, but character is. Could relocate. Contact: **AHMET**

(12/95) ENGLAND: Couple, 73 and 48, seek international friends over 50 who would enjoy long-term visits to our country. Maybe permanent third man, shortish, stocky, sixtyish, clean-shaven, to enrich our present happy relationship. Write: Ray Hambley, 21 Hamilton Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, ENGLAND BH1 4EQ.

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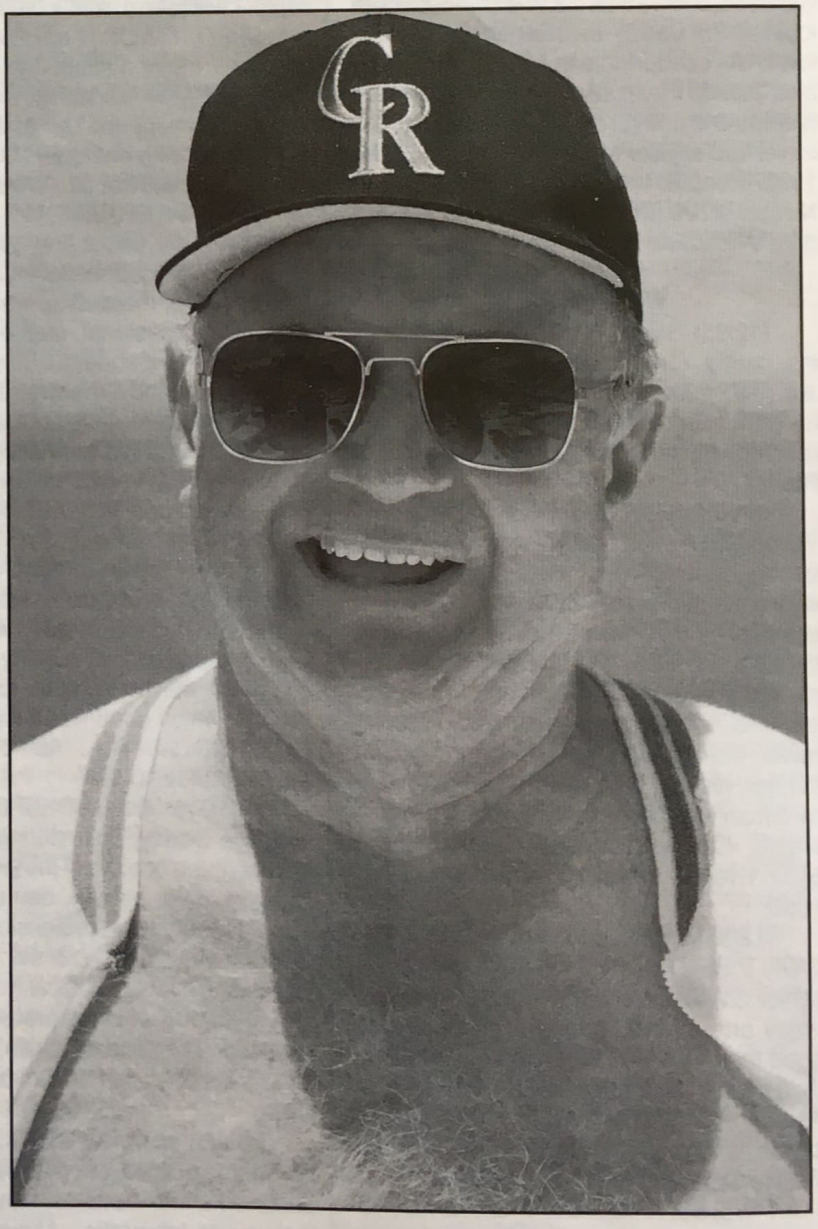

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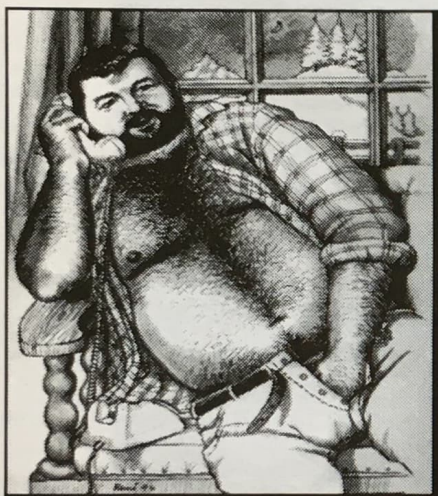

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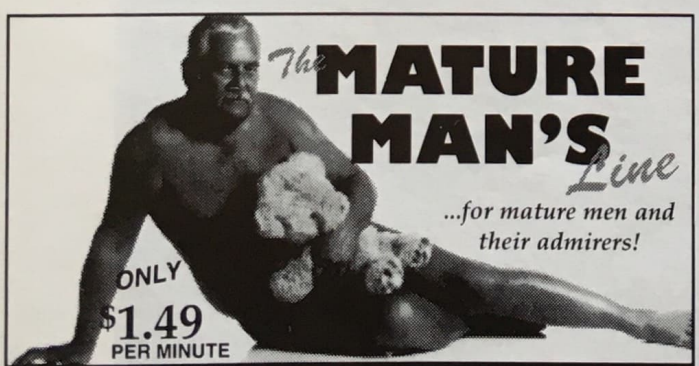

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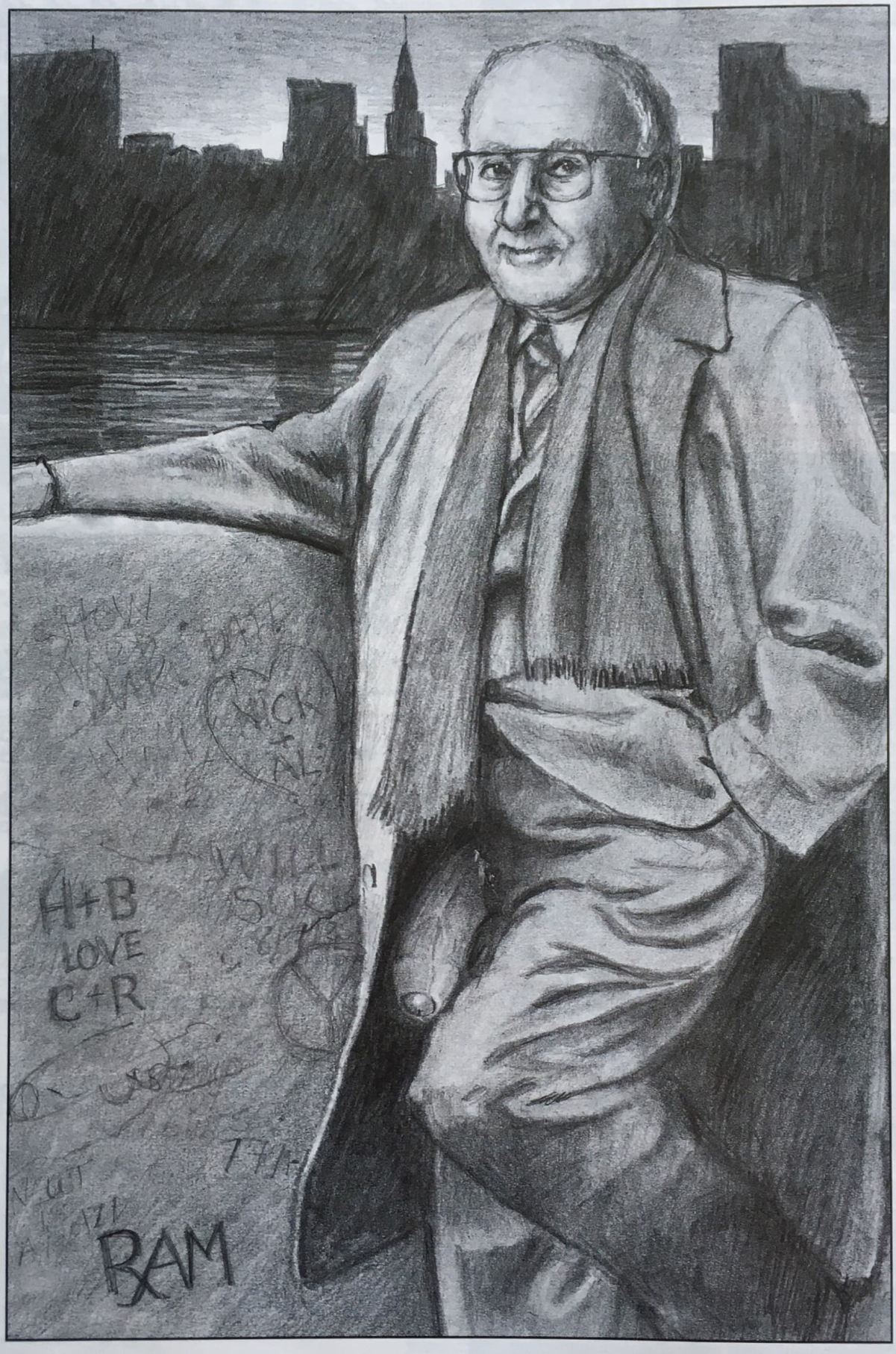


I THOUGHT I'D LOST HIM ... BUT WHEN I TURNED THE CORNER ...

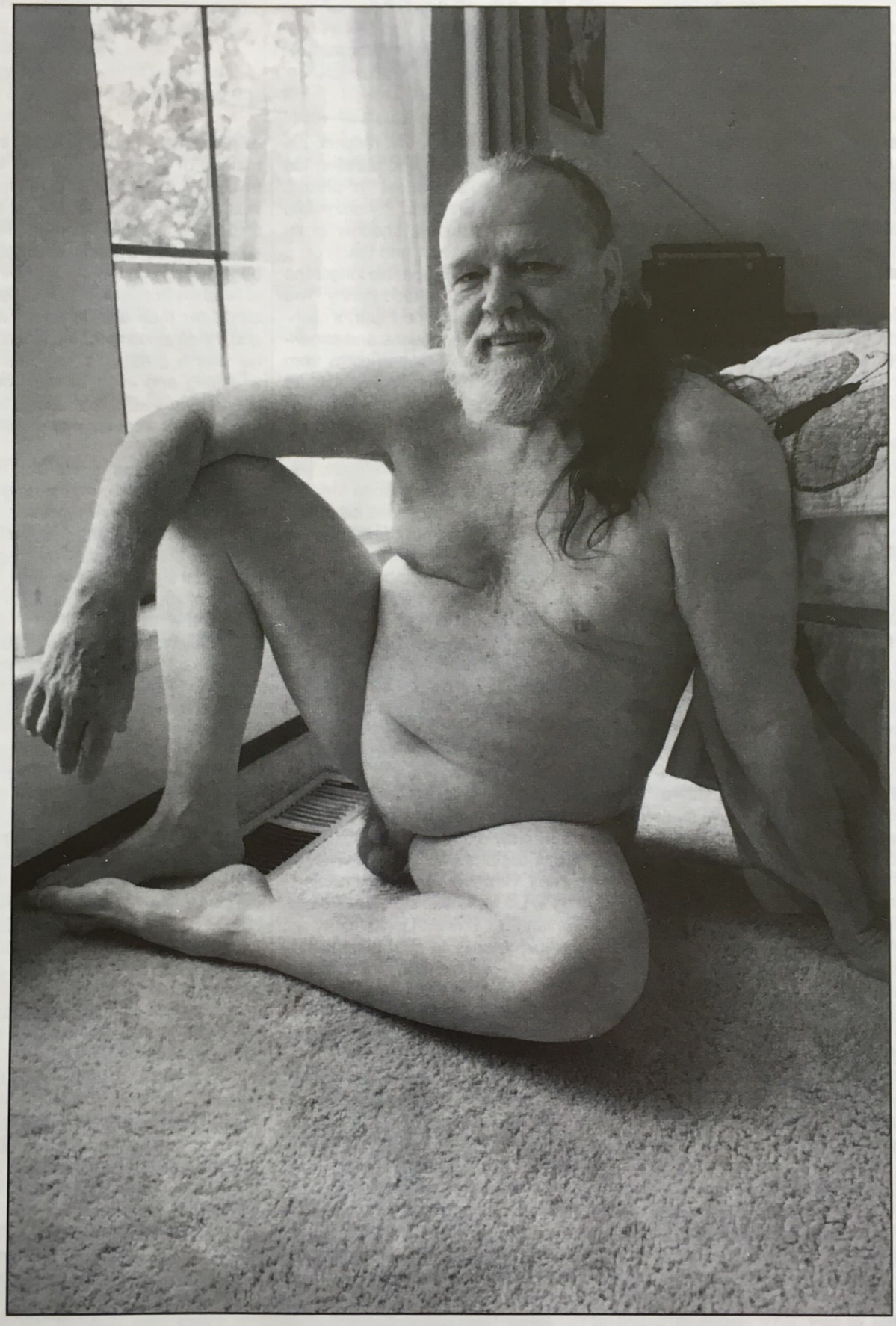


PHOTO BY SHUTTERHUG

BUDDIES

BY PUG SNIDER

There was this terrific guy who had a cock that swung like a magnificent pendulum and a pair of balls bigger than anything this side of the stockyards. And now that I've got your attention, let me tell you how I happened to settle down in what most people would consider the other side of nowhere.

Early retirement had left me with a lot of time on my hands. After a year of it, having enjoyed the advantages of the low peso in Mexico and then a brief whirl trying out various islands in the Caribbean, I surprised myself by coming back to Chicago. If you have ever lived in Chicago, you will understand how hard it is to detach yourself from the Lake, the Loop, and the Language. I speak Chicagoese, which some people may find blunt and unmusical. If you have an ear, you will find that the accent and the rhythm have a slight edge over say Cleveland or Kansas City.

Enough flag-waving for my native city. The point is I feel that I made a wise choice in deciding to stick to a place where I could carry on an intelligent conversation with the "natives." Plus nearly everyone I ever knew and really cared about at all had to, at one time or another, pass through the Windy City. If not for some big event, or a convention, then maybe to make connections at one of our five great terminals. Guys that I knew in the army would call up and request that I see that their youngster got changed over from the Pennsy to the Michigan Central that would take them up to summer camp. It was never a chore. I was the handy "Dutch Uncle" for years.

So—I was not too surprised one morning when I received a brief note from Ed McAllister informing me that his son, fresh out of a small college in South Dakota, had been selected for special training with a big computer outfit here in Chicago, on his own in the Big City for the very first time. Would I steer him in the right direction? See about getting him an apartment? He would be putting up at the little hotel not far from where Ed and I used to hang out on occasional furloughs from Camp Grant. Ed hoped that it was still respectable, not some fleabag since the days when we did our drinking at the pleasant old bar directly across the street.

As a matter of fact, Ed's choice of a hotel for Larry's few days while settling into job/training was a very wise one; the Buckingham was not only still respectable but had been gussied-up and transformed into one of Chicago's smartest "in" places. At the same time, Ed's and my cozy little beer joint, basking in the shadow of its newly gentrified neighbor, had taken on a new personality in its old age. No longer the Shamrock, it was now the Odd Penny. You could still get a beer, but the Penny's clientele went in for double gibsons and expensive French brandies. The non-coms from Camp Grant, now mostly long-dead, had been replaced by the near-north side's fairly-well-heeled, upwardly mobile gay men.

Around the piano bar on a Friday or Saturday night or a Sunday afternoon, you would see a bevy of bright young faces—not to mention a few old faces like my own—who enjoyed Broadway show tunes and the pleasantly attractive scenery. Upstairs, where small balconies looked out over Rush Street, you could order an amazingly good dinner, which came to half of what you would pay over at the Buckingham. Fortunately, it was still one of Chicago's best-kept secrets, not yet having been discovered by bargain-seeking swarms of straights.

I get carried away on the subject of Rush Street, its by-ways, back-alleys, and the grandest thoroughfare of them all, Michigan Avenue, just a block away. Eat your hearts out, New York and L.A., Chicago wins in this department. Like I say, I get carried away. However, I was right on time, according to Ed McAllister's explicit instructions: "Seven P.M. Dinner. Drinks. Larry will be in the lobby, easy to spot because he looks exactly like his old man looked at that age." Enclosed was a generous check, typical of Ed, who, according to his annual Xeroxed Christmas bulletin, had done very well for himself in the fast-food line.

My heart skipped a beat at the sight of the hunk browsing through magazines and papers just inside the door. The spitting image of Ed. Tall, tan, rugged, and very much at ease in duds that he must have purchased at the best men's store in Sioux Falls. If anything, Larry was even handsomer than his dad. Ed, somehow, had never been able to draw a uniform that did his truly remarkable body justice. His farm-boy muscles strained at the inadequate cut of his G.I. issue. Here was a duplicate of Ed McAllister, thumbing through a copy of G.Q., more stunning than any of the arrogantly-beautiful male models depicted in its pages. Instead of going right up and introducing myself, I just let myself take him all in. He was a sight to behold. And at this point I should tell you that when he and I used to share a bed here in this very hotel—two G.I. buddies off on a toot—it was all I could do to keep my hands off the big fucker who was straighter than a slide-rule. And, I might add, twice as complicated in the sense that he was a great one for bear-hugs and wrestling and even shower-room horseplay. There was a tacit understanding that things never went beyond a certain point. I never pushed it.

Larry tossed aside the magazine, checked his watch, and seeing that I was the only other person in the small lobby, rushed over and grabbed me in a warm bear-hug that was Ed all over again. "Unka Buddy! It's gotta be you. Just like in that picture of you and Dad posing in front of the lions at the Art Institute!"

Actually, I'd had a good head of hair at that time and weighed probably thirty pounds less than I weigh now. I figured the kid was as big a bullshitter as his father, but it was nice to hear.

Where had the "Unka Buddy" bit come from? He went on to explain that ever since he'd been old enough to listen to his dad's colorful army stories and pore over the big photo album, the good buddy figured prominently in each of our crazy escapades here and overseas. I shyly thanked him for the honorary title but suggested he drop the "Unka" bit and just call me Buddy, the way his father did. It helped close the age gap. (I already had it in mind to take him to drinks and dinner over at the Odd Penny, where I felt the "Uncle" and "Nephew" coupling might receive raised eyebrows from the regular Saturday night coterie.)

I wondered if going into that clubby little den where each new arrival is greeted with intense interest—I usually go in alone—might be a mistake. On that chance, I offered the Buckingham's dining room as an alternative. I was sort of happy when Larry vetoed the idea.

"It looks stuffy," he sniffed. "I want to go over and see what the Shamrock is like, that joint where you and Dad used to lift a few."

Larry was steering me out towards Rush Street with the same eagerness his dad had used to set out for an evening of

high-jinks, I felt it only fair to tell him that the old Shamrock was no more. "Time marches on, kiddo. Your father's favorite watering hole is now a gay bar." I let that sink in. This was as crucial as a litmus test.

"Do they serve dinner?" he asked. "I haven't had a bite since Crap a la King on the plane this afternoon."

And so I let that be the deciding factor. O.K. on the first hurdle, so we pushed our way inside. First it was very dark. Then there were up a couple of carpeted steps up to where Angel, the pretty little Puerto Rican who too often called every customer "Darling," checked our trench coats and the umbrella I had brought along and politely addressed me as Mr. Saunders.

His greeting was for me but his soulful dark eyes were all for my guest. "How you like retirement? I wish I retires," he said, pretending to stagger under the weight of his heavy duties.

"Poor Angel," I consoled him, even though I knew that he had never had it so good, sharing a Lake Shore Drive apartment with the owner of the joint. *"Mucho trabajo, poco dinero,"* I sighed. This brought a giggle as Larry and I made our way up a couple more steps and into the understated elegance of the Oval Bar which glitters under the brilliance of a crystal chandelier rescued from some meatpacker's former mansion.

Where once we had stood with our G.I. boots resting on a brass rail, I now found myself—undoubtedly, because of the prize I had in tow—ushered over to the best seats in the house. Larry and I were graciously eased side by side onto the cushioned banquette facing a roomful of beautiful people. Maybe a few like myself, merely tolerated. Or maybe they had a small cachet of some kind. In my case, even though I was technically over the hill and did *not* use the club as a second home, I was always treated decently—perhaps because a knowledgeable bartender or a fairly literate waiter had passed along the information that I was a writer. That kind of thing can be a plus in spite of the fact that nobody ever mentioned having read anything I had written. And I always tipped fairly.

Larry scarfed down a whole dish of salted cashew nuts, happily surveying the passing parade. The only element other than the wall-to-wall male drinkers was the presence of two women, both attractive and expensively dressed, their cultivated voices adding a nice counterpoint to the prevailing baritone and occasional tenor theme. A stranger coming in might have mistaken the group for something out of the old days at lunch in the Men's Grill at Marshall Field's.

A cute waiter, new to me, brought over more cashews, and Larry involved him with explicit directions as to how he wanted his martini. He specified a brand of gin which must have been very big in Sioux Falls. I had never heard of it. However, the waiter, no dummy, said, "But, of course. Why any other?" I had to think of Ed and his faithful loyalty to Budweiser. I couldn't help but wonder if Ed, too, now that he was in the big bucks, was drinking fancy stuff. For myself, I ordered a fifty-fifty—the discreet way of asking for half ice tea and half seltzer.

"Gotcha." The boy with the sassy little ass skipped off.

"I can't wait to tell Dad about the improvements over the old Shamrock. He'll flip. I doubt he's ever set foot in a bar like this."

"There must be gay bars in Sioux Falls." I wondered if Larry himself had ever before set foot in one.

"We have three that I know of. Nothing like this, of course, and one is an absolute *toilet*. I worked with two guys, both gay, and at the University we even had a gay and lesbian hospitality center."

I sensed that Larry was as casual about gayness as most of the people his age. Here he was, talking about homosexuality, lumping it with measles, red hair, U.F.O.s, whatever. No big deal. Thinking back, I can't recall that the sinister clinical word had ever been spoken in any of the soul-searching discussions Ed and I had had. So many thoughts were running through my head. Meanwhile, Larry had snagged our waiter and requested another martini while I was still playing with my ice tea.

As another litmus test, I questioned Larry about the younger of the two women who sat perched on a stool at the bar. She could easily have been either gay or straight. My guess was "straight" as more than once I had glimpsed a hand resting in the crotch of the blond kid who was going on and on about a "sure thing" he had come across down at the Board of Trade. He seemed to be part of a new breed of youngsters who fantasized more about the stock market than the pleasures of the flesh.

"What about her?" Larry wanted to know.

"Wouldn't all that crotch-fondling get you hot? It seems to have very little effect on the young stockbroker." I, myself, was getting hard just watching the little show. Not because of the girl but because of the attractive target that lay hidden under that expensively-tailored lap.

Larry pulled out horn-rimmed glasses, the better to observe the little undercover operation. He was one of those guys who could wear glasses and manage to look even sexier. He was quick with his estimate of the situations. "I would say we have there a real fag hag who will tactfully make herself scarce when the gentleman's "main event" shows up."

"Very perceptive for a country boy new in town." I decided to risk getting a bit more personal. "So you've acquired a fair amount of knowledge regarding the gay world. Part of your education out at the Gay and Lesbian Hospitality Center?"

"Hell no, although those people are doing a great job out at the university, and I admire their guts." Then, as if a light just went on, he laughed and asked me, "Hey, are you just possibly thinking that *I'm* one of the club?"

"The thought *did* cross my mind. One never knows." And I sipped my tea. I was glad that the ice had been broken, and I could tell that he'd had enough gin in him to open up to the subject fully.

He was more than ready. He removed the glasses and reverted to the original image of Ed. "Now it's *my* turn. Are *you* gay? I gather you're not a complete stranger here on the premises. Without being one of the more exotic inmates of this zoo, you do seem remarkably at ease."

I was silent. It was a question I never liked to answer. As a writer, I've always felt that I could cross lines, bathe in many waters while travelling *carte blanche*, not obliged to identify myself as a citizen of any particular country.

But Larry gave me a gentle nudge and repeated his question: "Come on, now. On a scale of one to ten? And to play fair with you, I'll 'fess up to a bare one-half."

This was Ed all over again. Always ready to meet a guy more than halfway. I could not help but admire Larry's honesty. Like most of his generation, he was refreshingly open and above board. However, I held my ground. "I don't like scales. I find that faced with such a scale, most people emphatically declare themselves either a zero or a ten. Then there are those who waver between three, four and five."

Like Ed, Larry was a good listener. He looked very thoughtful. "So we classify that crowd as bisexual. Right?"

The honest one-half that he had admitted to—probably merely an acknowledgment of one almost forgotten crush during his uncertain teen years—gave me the courage to come right out and say, "Put me down for a ten! And if that doesn't scare you off—I mean if I'm still good ol' Unka Buddy—what do you say we toddle upstairs and spend some of your old man's dough on the best prime rib in town, plus their famous peach cobbler?"

"Do I look scared, Unk? Lead the way, I'm starving."

We soon found ourselves at a choice

table alongside the balcony window looking down over the busy street. Once our orders were in, he took up where we'd left off: "Here's what bugs me. How come you and Dad, like a pair of Siamese twins all through the war, went your separate ways and let your relationship dwindle down to an annual Christmas card and those fucking Xerox folksy-family bulletins promoted by Mom?"

"I treasured every one of those bulletins, especially the occasional ones containing a nice Polaroid shot of you and Ed and Janet, knee-deep in snow, in front of your nice two-story brick home."

"I think Dad saved every one of *your* cards—and the few snaps they included—always just you alone. Dad used to wonder if you were ever going to get married. Didn't he guess? Or didn't you two ever get it on?"

"Funny you should ask. But no. No, we never, as you say, got it on. On. Off. Who knows what to call it? The problem was I *liked* your dad. *Loved* him. Far too much to risk spoiling whatever it was we had going." It was a good thing I had stuck to ice tea. Had I been ginned up on my usual double gibsons I'd have been crying like a baby.

Between mouthfuls of roast beef, Larry kept repeating: "I can't believe it. I can't believe it. Two jerks. Both of you. Codes of honor. He had his. You had yours. Dad's carried the bigger penalty, doing the "right thing" by marrying Janet, the boss's daughter, ending up with a two-story brick house *and* a pool, *and* the country club, *and* me. If you're wondering why no Xerox bulletin last Christmas, that was about the time the shit hit the proverbial fan. It came out that Janet was sleeping with the tennis pro, I became engaged to Keesha who just happens to be black, and—here's where you fasten your seat belt—Dad suffered a mild heart attack, recovered and announced to us all that he was gay. Janet and he have managed a clean split. Actually, he and she are nicer to each other than any of the `whatever passed for niceness' these past twenty-some years."

"And I thought Ed McAllister had *everything*. Why didn't the crazy bastard tell me?" I pictured him sitting in a very expensive, very empty, suddenly ugly, brick house.

Larry read my mind. It was he who said: "Tell that little fairy waiter of ours to bring you one of those cute table phones. I want you to telephone that big jerk and tell him that you love him." He passed me a card with a Sioux Falls number on it and excused himself to go to the men's room.

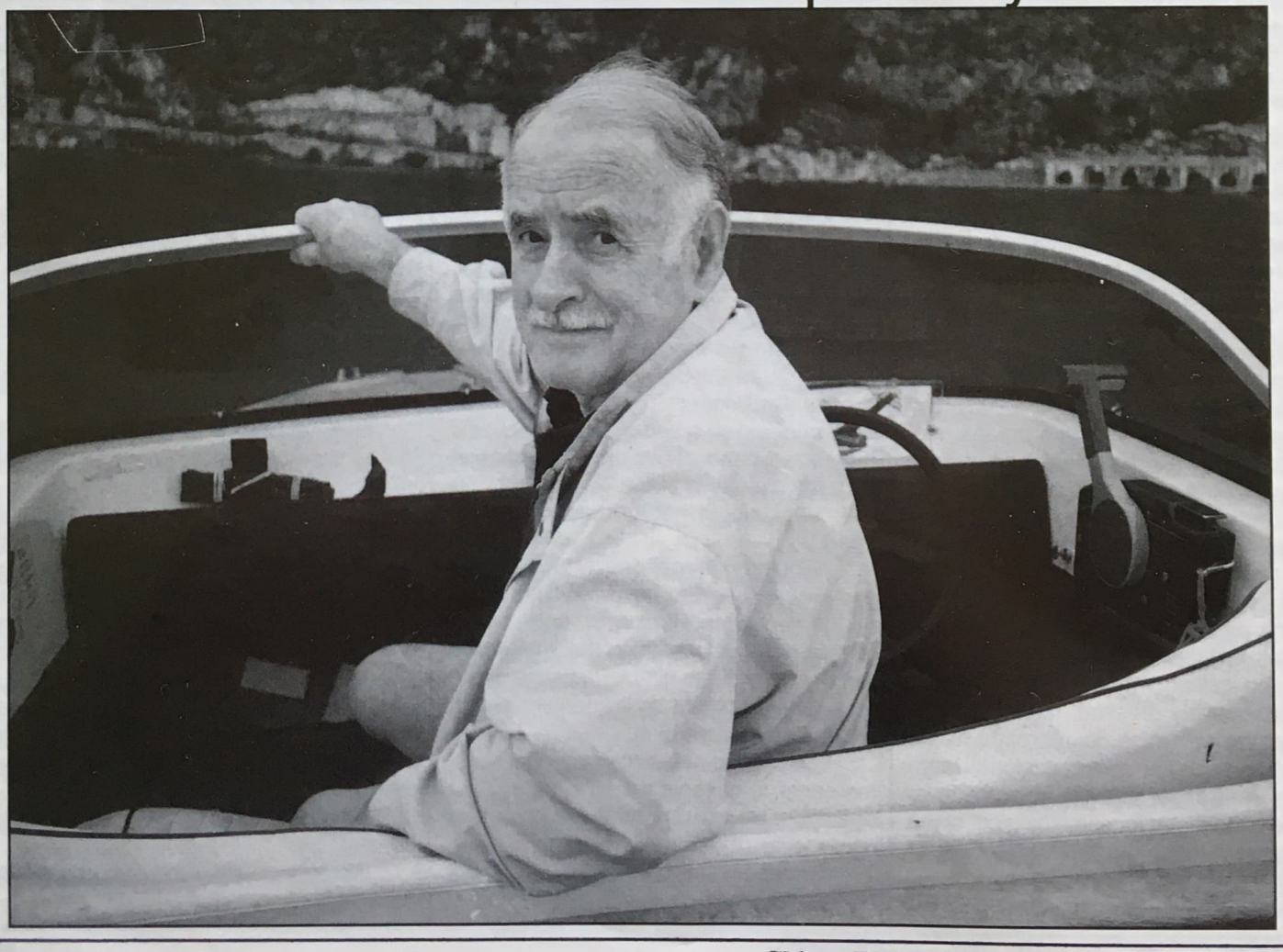
Twenty minutes later Larry returned and found me sitting there with a smile on my face.

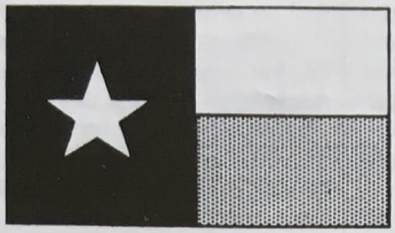
"Well?"

"Better than well! Your Dad is a master planner. I said everything I was supposed to say. I even said a few nice things about you. It boils down to this: You and Keesha can take my apartment until you can find something more to your liking. I'll be flying to Sioux Falls tomorrow noon. Your father made me an offer I can't refuse."

PUG SNIDER, 81, is the grand man of gay erotic fiction, having been published in just about every major gay men's magazine. He's one of the best this country has ever produced. Pug lives with his daughter in coastal L.A. County. He will be inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the Spring '96 Gathering in San Diego. Pug says, "Sweet words from you guys make me feel less hostile about being a prisoner here in this not-my-favorite state of California! Oh, how I'd love to hear from old Northside Chicagoans."

SPEEDBOAT PHIL photo by Guenter





A TEXAS TRIANGLE

by Kokopelli

I The Marlboro Man

It was the spring of 1991 and Ron and I were in the eighth year of our relationship. We faced the first major change since we had started living together—we were both retiring and moving to San Antonio—and what had seemed like a pretty straightforward transfer of our lives from one city and one region of the country to another now seemed a much more difficult and even wrenching transition.

We originally met in Annapolis at a brunch given on Mother's Day by mutual friends for an assortment of their old friends and new acquaintances who had not "gone home to Mother" for the day. I was at the tail end of a five-year relationship which had progressively fallen apart as a result of my partner's drinking. Ron was just returning from a tour of duty in Hawaii, coming to terms with being gay, and trying to reconcile that new aspect of his life with his responsibilities as father to two teenage daughters, whom he had raised as a single fathersinceheandhiswifehadseparated.

The attraction was instantaneous and mutual. He claims he spotted me through the picture window in the living room as I approached the front door. For my part, I zeroed on him instantly as I entered the room: slim and tanned, athletic-looking, dark hair with two dramatic wings of white at his temples. Definitely a Marlboro Man-type, and, without a doubt, one of the handsomest men I'd ever encountered. I kid him now about the contrast between the image and the reality. Although he's always been interested in keeping fit, he remains a big-city boy who has never transcended his New York upbringing. He was born surrounded by pavement, and the great open spaces are not for him; the idea of roughing it camping is totally foreign and repellent. I thought I found my Marlboro Man, I lovingly tell him, but found a "marshmallow man" instead.

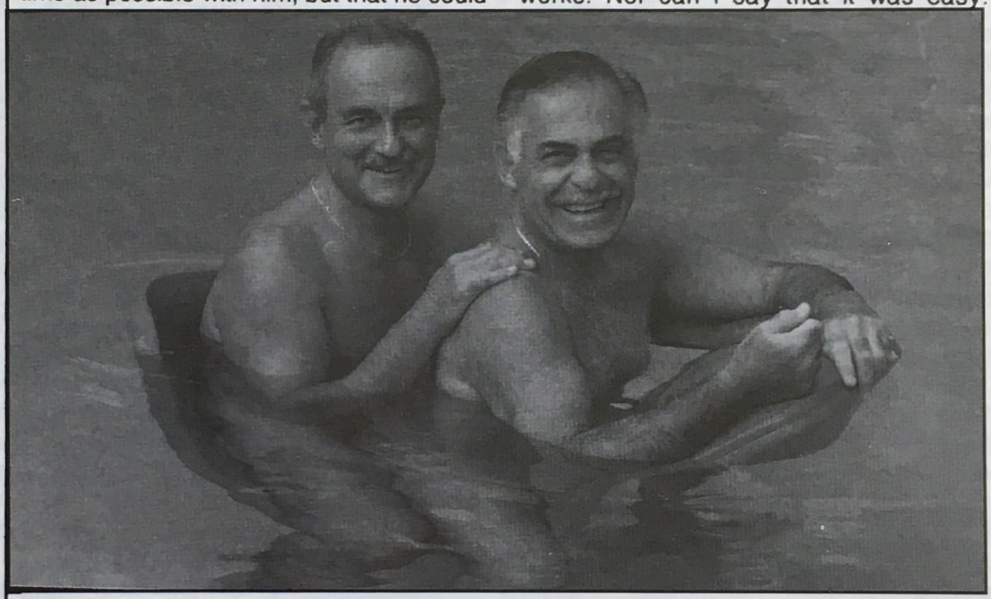
We sat next to each other at the dinner table, and, as the party broke up, he refused to come with me because he had arrived with someone else and felt it was common decency to leave with the man who brought him. I was, of course, disappointed, but his attitude scored points for him in my mind. Only a few days later, though, we started seeing each other. By that summer, I had helped him and his daughters move into a townhouse he had just bought, and, when the girls went to England to visit their mother for the summer, he asked me if I would like to live in the new house over the summer and help him finish the basement space into a bedroom and bath for his older daughter.

We had an idyllic summer. We each went to work in the morning, and evenings and weekends we worked on the basement room. There was plenty of time for other things and to get to know each other. When the girls returned at the end of the summer, he told me he wanted me to spend as much time as possible with him, but that he could not ask me to move in because he did not want to put the girls in a position of not knowing what to say, or having to dissemble, when asked by outsiders about "the man who lives in your house."

I still had a house in Arlington, Virginia, so we developed a pattern where I arrived at his house Friday afternoon after work, stayed the weekend, and left on Monday morning when I went back to work. We'd also see each other once in the middle of the week, but I would return to my house until the following Friday. This went on for about six months, until early one Monday, as I packed to go to work and back to Arlington, he asked: "Do you really have to go home?" I reminded him of our conversation at the end of summer and said I was only doing it because I thought it was what he wanted.

He thought for a while and said: "I want you to forget what I said I wanted!" That settled it. I sold the house in Arlington, became part-owner of his townhouse, and moved in, becoming, in the bargain, the surrogate father of two charming, bright, and very self-possessed teenage girls who soon began referring to me as "Daddy Number Two."

I can't say that I had planned for that all my life. A confirmed bachelor, I held the solid belief that the best thing to do with children was to flush them down the toilet before they got big enough to plug up the works. Nor can I say that it was easy.



KOKOPELLI & RON (AKA TECUMSEH) *photo by COURT JESTER*

Teenagers are spirited by definition, and the girls were no exception. The older one especially was a free spirit, independent and eager to experiment, an aspiring actress who got herself—and us—into all sorts of scrapes. The younger one was quieter and easier to live with, but very definitely her own person.

It was not easy for me to adapt to the chaos resulting from a new relationship plus the unexpected role of second-adult-in-charge. I had lived by myself since my high school graduation, when I left Puerto Rico to go to college in the States. I never returned to the island except to visit my parents, and had lived alone until I entered into my first relationship. The experience gained then helped, but nothing in my background prepared me for life with children of any age. My own upbringing was rather

strict and old-fashioned, and Ron and I often clashed over his liberal—and rather too *laissez-faire*, I thought—way of parenting.

Through the normal ups-and-downs, however, our relationship thrived. We saw the girls through their graduations from high school and from the University of Maryland, and we lived through the trauma of preparing for the older girl's wedding: meeting the in-laws, battling over whether she should invite dozens rather than hundreds of people to the reception, etc. In the meantime, we were approaching our mid-fifties (we were born just four months apart in the same year), and Ron had almost thirty years of service with a "super-secret" federal agency. We hadn't spoken about retirement or where we might want to live when the time came, but after accepting an old friend's invitation to visit San Antonio, we were captivated by the city's charm and agreed we would retire there.

Over the next four years, we visited San Antonio regularly, sometimes twice a year, becoming more and more familiar with the place, and widening our circle of friends and acquaintances. Finally, as Ron's thirtieth year at work grew near, we began making more definite plans. In what we saw as a stroke of incredible luck, the "yellow-bordered" magazine where I worked decided to cut staff and offered an early-out opportunity. We did our numbers and decided that I should take the offered early retirement.

Our planning went into high gear. On a special trip to San Antonio, we engaged a gay realtor and spent more than a week looking at what was available on the market. We finally found the ideal place: a large, charming house. It had the perfect pool, large enough for me to swim laps for exercise. Above all, the house had the privacy we required, for we had promised ourselves, after living all those years in a townhouse with neighbors just beyond the walls, that in our retirement house clothing would be optional for swimming or gardening.

The house purchase was nearly arranged when the wrench dropped into the drive shaft. For years, salaries for the upper grades in the federal service had been capped, meaning that even when Ron received promotions, he received no increase in salary. Unexpectedly, Congress reversed itself and agreed to pay senior employees what their grade actually called for, so Ron's salary rose tremendously.

This apparent windfall had no impact if Ron retired after his thirtieth year as we had planned. To have the sudden pay increase completely reflected in his pension, however, he had to put in another three years. But my early out had already taken effect; I needed to get to San Antonio to explore the possibilities for either full-time employment or at least free-lance work. Furthermore, the purchase of the house was proceeding apace. We loved the place and did not want to lose it.

Hesitatingly, and with some qualms about what it would mean, we decided that we would go through with the house purchase, that I would move to San Antonio with our household belongings, and that Ron would remain at his job for another two to three years (as long as he could stand it) before retiring and coming to San Antonio himself. Somehow, we would cope with the separation.

II And then, along came Will...

Living apart was not easy. We budgeted for six conjugal visits annually. At least one of those involved Ron's coming to San Antonio, which for him was a vacation when he could get to enjoy the new house he still could not live in. For the others, either I flew north, or we met somewhere around the country at a gay square dance function, a common hobby we both enjoyed. The rest of the time we used the telephone. That helped a bit, but our phone bills reached astronomical heights with regularity.

What to do about our sex lives soon became a question we had to deal with. Coming from a Hispanic background, I freely admit that I have always been jealous and somewhat possessive of lovers and loved ones. I believed in exclusivity between two people, kept my end of the obligation, and would have been very upset to discover infidelity in my partner.

Ron, however, had a different view. Even with his wife, he had made clear that he did not consider that a loyal and faithful relationship needed to be sexually exclusive. I knew his way of thinking: he believed it was possible to love more than one person at a time, that there were many kinds of love, and that the various kinds of love were not mutually exclusive. In our relationship, however, he had not attempted to apply his ideas, aware as he was of my thoughts and feelings.

Over the eight years of our relationship, I had accepted some leeway. We had friends, for example, who held hot-tub parties which tended to become extended grope sessions. I was extremely uncomfortable holding people at arm's length at these events, but all my life I have reacted negatively to receiving insistent sexual attention from people who were of no sexual interest to me. Ron, however, enjoyed himself at these parties, and we eventually agreed that he should go to them without me.

With several hundred miles separating us, the need for some adjustment in our relationship became obvious. Ron made it clear that he would be seeing others, and, with trepidation, I acquiesced. For his part, he kept urging me not to live like a celibate monk; he wanted me to go out, meet people, and, if I found someone interesting, to see him. Gradually I started to go out, but I am extremely picky, and so had little hope of being moved by anyone I met. Half-heartedly, I accepted invitations to parties and other social events, but invariably came home alone.

Then it happened.

San Antonio is a place of mass parties. Rather than quiet evenings in intimate groups, people here prefer events where half a dozen hosts join together to invite a hundred or more people, providing an open bar and serving dinner buffet-style. On this particular Saturday night, the party was to be held (and the dinner served) outside, the house being far too small to hold the number of invited guests. The bar was under a canopy-covered patio that extended from the back of the house.

In normal weather, it would have been your standard San Antonio party, with a backyard full of chatting, cocktail-wielding gays and lesbians, while the house was used for getting the dinner ready and as a place for older guests to sit when they got tired of circulating among the crowd outside. Unfortunately, in the afternoon of that November day, one of Texas' famous "blue northers" materialized. A blue norther is a mass of cold air that rushes in from the north and makes temperatures drop thirty or forty degrees in half an hour, which is exactly what happened that day.

The evening became far too cold for an outside party, but the weather change had been so sudden there had been no time for the hosts to either cancel or to make alternative preparations. People came dressed as warmly as San Antonians can dress but, even then, standing outside became uncomfortable in a short time. Quickly, a traffic pattern developed: people arrived, got their first drink at the bar and stood outside talking until their teeth started to chatter. Then they crowded into the house to get warm, pushing those who were there back out to the bar for another drink, and so on.

As I arrived and headed for the bar, I glimpsed a head of snow-white hair atop what could only be termed massive shoulders. White hair has been a weakness of mine for as long as I have had sexual stirrings, and I remember the passing thought: *Now, there's something that looks interesting!* But the distance was too great for me to see any details as I wove my way

to the bar.

I circulated for a while, said hello and chatted with some people, and started back for my second drink. By now the crowd was much heavier and, as I approached the bar, I found myself face-to-face, and pretty much chest-to-chest, with the head of white hair from inside. He was leaving the bar with his fresh drink. As we stood momentarily in a pose far too familiar for people who had never met before, he put his free hand on my waist, looked into my face, and with an impish grin said: "And where have *you* been all this time?"

I got my drink and gave pursuit. Up close, my "head of white hair" was not only interesting, it sat stop the embodiment of every wet dream I've ever had. He was a bull of a man, about five-nine, perhaps two hundred pounds. I estimated him to be from five to eight years older than I. His face was handsome, with gold-rimmed glasses and a white mustache perched over a mouth always ready to grin or burst out in an infectious laugh.

His upper body was massive, the shoulders even broader than they had looked from a distance, and the arms correspondingly powerful. He had compensated for the cold snap with a navy blue long-sleeved shirt stop a white turtleneck. He wore jeans and cowboy boots, and the jeans were packed to bursting with strong legs and thighs, and what I eventually dubbed "C.A.I.C."—the Cutest Ass in Christendom. He turned out to be a real born-and-bred Texan, with a charming soft accent and a quirky and humorous turn of phrase.

His name was Will, and I was lost ....

We chit-chatted briefly, and he went on to find the friend he had come with. I tried to keep my eye on him, but forty-five minutes later I looked around and realized he wasn't in view anymore. I made a circuit through the house and through the crowd outside but couldn't find him. Damn my luck! Had he left without my being able to give him my address and phone number or getting enough information about him to be able to find him again? Frustrated and thoroughly disgusted, I spent another thirty minutes at the party, and, after saying my good-byes to the hosts, started to leave. At that moment, I ran into him again, coming in from the outside; he and his friend had gone to pick up a third member of their group who had to work late.

This time I wasn't about to let him escape. I don't remember much about the rest of the party, except that he and I sat on a swinging seat talking for a long time while the rest of the party swirled around us. I found that his last name was a relatively common Scottish surname; that he was married and lived and worked in one of the little towns east of San Antonio; that much of his social life centered on Austin rather than San Antonio; and that he was a member of the Austin chapter of Prime Timers, the international organization for older gay and bi-sexual men and their admirers. I told him about myself, about having recently moved to the area, and about my lover in Maryland.

I made sure that he had my card, but as the party wound down, I had nothing from him but the promise to call in the next few days. He had already made plans with his friends for the rest of the evening, and I did not want to just tag along, no matter how much I wanted to get to know him. So I let him leave with his friends, and went home alone ... once again.

The next morning I called Ron and told him about the party. Then: "I met someone I think I could be interested in." I proceeded to describe Will.

"Well, don't be a fool. Get in touch with him, go out with him, and take him home."

"I can't do that. What if I become attached to him? And what about when you finally retire and move down here? I'm not the type who could go with someone for two years and then simply turn around and say: 'My lover is here now. You've served your purpose, so good-bye and Godspeed.'"

"Look. If, when I retire and come down there, you're still attached to him and you still want him around, we'll make room for him. If, by then, you love him, he must be worth loving. I'll accept that."

There was little I could come up with in argument. I hadn't the slightest idea how such a scenario might work out, but I knew my lover well enough to be sure that he meant what he said, and I wanted to believe that he was just unusual enough as a person to somehow make it work. So, hormones raging, I took him at his word.

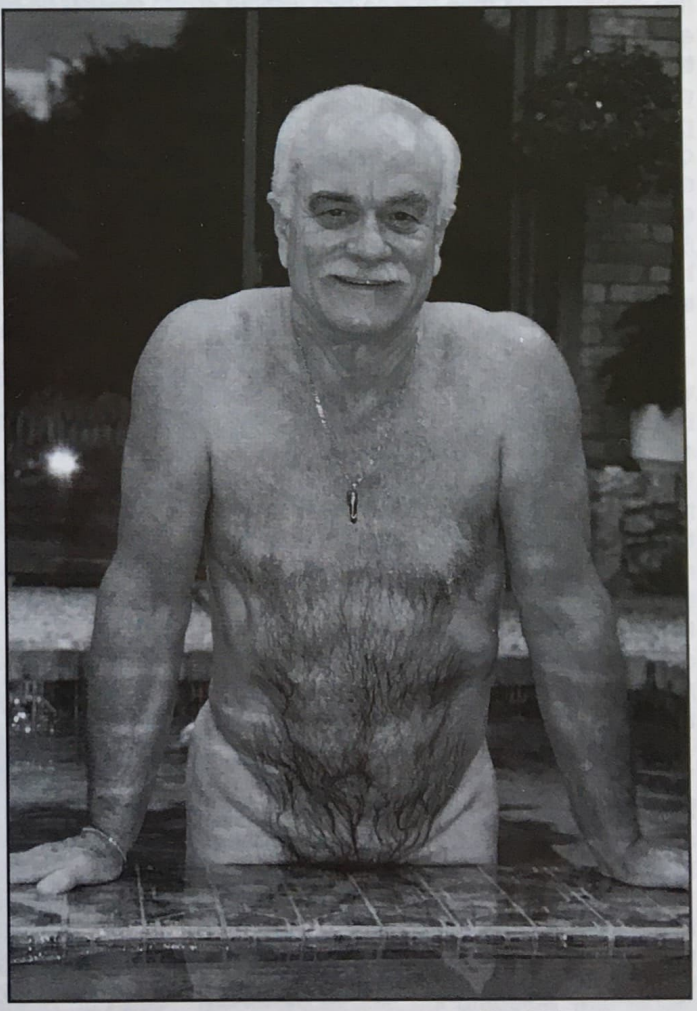
III Search, and ye shall find ...

Although Will had taken my card and promised to call, I wasn't about to leave to chance our meeting again. I thought it would be relatively easy to find his phone number through directory assistance in the small town where he lived, but the operator informed me there was no listing under that name. Little did I know that his relatively common sounding Scottish surname was spelled in a completely uncommon way. "Courtesy of my illiterate ancestors from Alabama," he later informed me.

Next, since he had mentioned belonging to Prime Timers in Austin, I decided to call my friend Woody Baldwin in that city. Woody was the founder of the national organization, and I knew he was active in the local group since he and his partner Sean had moved there. I described Will to him and was relieved to find that Woody knew exactly who I was referring to. Could he give me his address and phone number?

Ever a gentleman and a straight arrow, Woody informed me that yes, he had the information, but that the rules of the organization prohibited him from passing it on to anyone except other Prime Timers members. Fortunately, my credit with Woody and Sean was good.

"Do I have to live in Austin to be a member?" I asked. We did not have a chapter in San Antonio.



WILL (AKA B.J.) photo by KOKOPELLI

"No, you don't. As a matter of fact, we have other San Antonians who belong to our group."

"Could you lend me the cost of membership and enroll me over the phone? I'll send you a check by return mail."

A pause.

"Yes, I guess we could do that."

We went through the formal, long-distance enrollment, and then I asked again: "Now, could I have Will's address and phone?" The information was passed on to me, in complete observance of Prime Timers' rules.

The address I received, however, was a box number in a nearby town and a work phone number. I tried calling several times over the next few days with no luck. One evening, however, my phone rang. Will was on the other end of the line. He was sorry that he had not gotten around to calling me before, but he had been having some health problems. Yes, he wanted to see me, but that would have to wait. He was going into the hospital in Austin the following day for some heart surgery to correct a severe cardiac arrhythmia that he had developed. He did not know how much time his recovery would take, but promised to call me as soon as he was out of the hospital.

I was crushed. Was I destined to meet this charmer and then to lose him without ever even having a chance to get to know him or be with him? A week or so later my phone rang again. Will was out of the hospital. He wanted to see me but gave me the option of waiting. "They've made a mess out of me at the hospital, and you may not enjoy looking at me like this," he said. I was so glad to hear from him again that I would have had him come over bandaged head to toe like an Egyptian mummy.

He arrived in mid-afternoon the following day, and, if I remember correctly, we went from the front door directly to the bedroom. I found him eager and passionate, and we had a wonderful time together. When first we relaxed after the heat of our first time together had a chance to subside, I realized what he meant about the hospital making a mess of him. His powerful torso was normally covered with a thick mat of long, soft hair, which was now chopped down randomly where electronic monitors had been attached from his shoulders to his thighs. He was also black and blue in spots where the actual surgery had taken place. There was, fortunately, no major incision, for the surgery had entailed electrically disabling a nerve that was responsible for the arrhythmia.

I couldn't have cared less about what to me were minor cosmetic flaws. After all, the hair would grow back, and the black and blue marks would disappear in a short time. The damage was more significant to him, for I discovered he was meticulous about his appearance, carefully choosing what he wore, whether shorts and a T-shirt, or jeans and a Western shirt. He was also rightfully proud of his physique, which must have been spectacular before his health problems began, and, even now, was nothing short of impressive. I was certainly awed, and more than surprised to find out as we talked that, although he was strong as an ox, generally the picture of health, and, more often than not, ready for anything, his medical history was an account of one catastrophe after another. I guessed that the file under his name at his doctor's office was at least the size of an encyclopedia.

Will and I started seeing each other regularly. Although twice retired, he still worked full-time, so he was unavailable weekdays unless I drove to his town and had lunch with him. During the week, he lived at home with his wife, all the children now married and gone. Over the years, his estrangement from his wife had led to what amounted to separate lives under one roof, and, although he took care of things around the house during the week, he claimed weekends as his own.

On Fridays, he would leave work and drive to San Antonio, where he would stay with me until he had to return home Sunday afternoons. Together we explored Central Texas. He led me to all the interesting little towns of the Texas Hill Country, to craft fairs and special events, to the places where the wildflowers grew most spectacularly in the spring, to the music camp at Round Top for a picnic dinner on the beautiful grounds and a Saturday night concert by the music school orchestra—in short, to the places lovers go.

I was having the time of my life and enjoying my reporting to Ron in Maryland about our weekend adventures almost as much as the adventures themselves.

IV The critical meeting ...

As Will and I became more and more deeply involved with each other, the question of what would happen when Ron retired and moved to San Antonio loomed larger. No matter how much I thought about it, I could not imagine how the mechanics of "making room" for Will would work out. I had Ron's assurance that we would make room and was content to depend on that and on the hope that we would indeed find a way. Ron knew what was happening between me and Will at every step of the way, and he never raised an objection. To me that was a good omen and enough to go on for the time being. Not so for Will.

The more involved with me he felt, the more anxiety the whole situation caused him. He was of the old school where relationships were concerned. He could never consider "sharing" his lover with someone else, and Ron's willingness to do that defied his comprehension. He could not understand my insistence that my relationship to Ron was a permanent part of my life, although he never once tried to change my mind on that subject, nor could he be reassured that we would work things out. Consequently, Ron's move to San Antonio preyed on his mind ... and ultimately led to our estrangement.

The only fault I had found in Will lay in his approach to drinking. Jovial and gregarious by nature, his introduction to life in the gay community had taken place in the bars of Austin, where he initially took refuge on weekends from the situation at home. He was everybody's friend at the bars; he drank with everybody and everybody bought him drinks. Naturally tolerant of alcohol, his tendency was to drink too much, and as a result, get into unpleasant scrapes: having personal items stolen, getting into an accident, once even getting arrested on a DWI charge.

When we went to parties or to places where alcohol was served, that pattern continued. Although I never saw him actually falling down drunk, I detected a change in his personality that I did not care for, and I finally called him on it. I told him about my first lover and his drinking problem, about my decision never to become involved in such a situation again. I described him when drinking as loud, unpleasant, and pugnacious, the total reverse of his normal personality.

I think it was the "pugnacious" that got to him. As a former English teacher, he prided himself in his use and knowledge of the language. However, the night of our confrontation he was not quite sure of the word's meaning and decidedly took offense at it. We left it at that, but he went home and looked it up. Next time we saw each other, I explained exactly why I had chosen it. We calmly discussed the problem, and he promised me that it would not happen again. And it never did... with the exception of the first time he met Ron.

The gay square dancers' convention took place in Albuquerque that July of '92. Ron and I planned to attend, and he allowed time for a week in San Antonio afterward. It was his first long visit since we had moved our household there the previous year, and we wanted to make something special of it. Back in Maryland, we had marked the year of our 50th birthdays by choosing a date halfway between his birthday and mine, and inviting a host of friends to our "100th Birthday Celebration."

This time, we made the first big party in our San Antonio home our "112th Birthday." It also would be the first time Ron and Will would meet each other. Our house was full of out-of-town guests, so Will made arrangements to stay the weekend with a friend who lived nearby, unfortunately someone from his old bar days in Austin. Will came over in the afternoon to bring a huge bouquet of flowers for the party and to be introduced to Ron. He stayed only a few minutes, but the meeting appeared to me warm and friendly. I was too busy with guests and with party preparations to have a chat with him, which, in retrospect, I perhaps should have done.

The time for the party came and guests started to arrive. Will arrived somewhat late, and it was obvious to me that he had already had plenty to drink. I can now imagine what the afternoon was like for him: he had just met this person, a "Yankee" according to the old tapes from his Texas upbringing; worse, a New Yorker (and everybody knows that they are the most dreadful kind of Yankees!); even worse, the lover and life-partner of the man he loved. I'm sure he found reasons everywhere he looked to go from drink to drink without thinking of the consequences.

A couple of hours into the party, Ron pulled me aside. "Your friend Will has had too much to drink. I think you'd better see what you can do." Will had taken Ron's arm by the pool and started talking, obviously in emotional turmoil, about his "not giving up easily." Ron tried to reassure him that there was no need to give anything up. Although Will's hands are small for a man his size, his grasp is like an iron vise when he exerts pressure. Without realizing it, this was what he was doing with Ron's arm, and finally Ron had to tell him: "Will, let go of my arm; you're hurting me!"

I truly can't remember what I said to Will that afternoon, but he left shortly thereafter. The next few days were taken up with after-party clean-up, with entertaining our guests, and with the remainder of Ron's time in San Antonio. As the days passed, I grew angrier at Will, and when he called some ten days later, I chewed him out and finally told him I was not ready to talk to him.

The entire month of August went by, and we neither saw each other nor spoke.

Finally, early in September, I wrote to him:

I have enjoyed the past few months very much. You can be a lovable, warm, generous person, and a joy to be with. God knows that I respond to you sexually like I have seldom responded to anyone in my life. I told you once that seeing you again after a week's absence never failed to turn me on. The passion we have shared was genuine and something that I will always remember with excitement.

The fact that Ron has reacted so positively to our relationship has been gratifying to me, and although I looked with some apprehension at the adjustments that will be necessary when he moves here next year, I still felt confident that there would be a place for you in our home. I hoped for the best, expecting that the three of us would cooperate to make this possible.

The one wild card in the deck, however, has turned out to be your drinking. I did not realize the seriousness of the problem until the party. In our conversation after that incident, I told you my position: if you were to be a part of my life, and by extension, of Ron's, we had to be able to rely on you and on the predictability of your behavior as a mature man, and that in my mind, your not being able to control your liquor intake made you neither reliable nor predictable.

I have explained to you my experience with my first lover and his alcohol problem. When that matter came to a head after five years, I told him that I would stand by his side if he became ill, if he lost his job, or if he had an accident, but that I refused to stand by and watch him destroy himself through drinking.

The same statement applies to you now, only that this time it concerns not only me and my feelings, but also my responsibility to Ron and the things I have to do to safeguard my relationship with him. I cannot ask him to make adjustments to accommodate your relationship with me when I cannot tell when you are going to go off to the bars, or when you're going to decide to drink much more than your fill, or what results all of that might have.

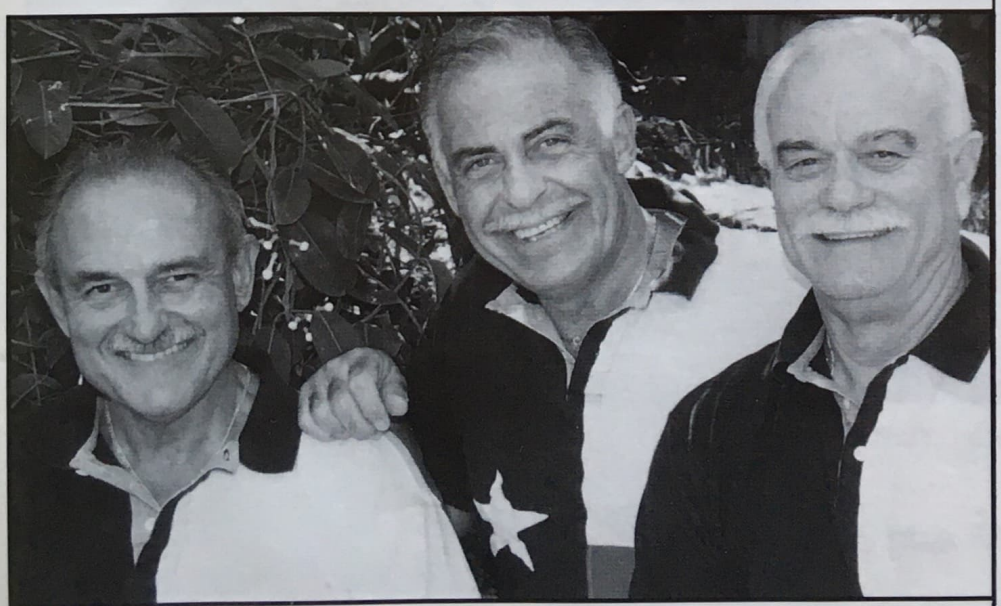
You have said repeatedly you loved me so much that I cannot imagine it. Still, your behavior seems to indicate that however much think you love me, that is not enough to stop you from continuing to carry on behavior that you know is destructive. I also love you very much, but no amount of love on my part is going to be enough, if <u>you</u> don't love <u>yourself</u> enough to take yourself in hand.

A few days later, Will called again. He asked to see me so that we could talk face to face, and I agreed. I picked him up when he left work, and we drove to an isolated park. Our conversation was long, painful, and filled with tears. He promised that he would control his drinking and that such incidents would never happen again. He asked whether we couldn't give our relationship another try. We embraced for a long time, and probably would have gone much farther, after not seeing each other for so long, if we had not been in a public place.

Will's word was iron like his grip, and we never had such a problem again.

V And they all lived happily ever after...

Ron retired and moved to San Antonio about a year after the 112th-birthday party incident. Will gave us a few weeks to be alone and for Ron to settle in, and then, with Ron's consent, he resumed his previous schedule of driving to San Antonio after work on Friday and spending the weekend until he had to return home on Sunday. His relationship with Ron developed slowly: tentative at first, but gradually with more



KOKOPELLI, RON (AKA TECUMSEH) & WILL (AKA B.J.) photo by LAW

and more warmth, intimacy, and familiarity as the two of them got used to each other and Will became willing to trust Ron as much as I trusted him.

The relationship that has evolved between us is a three-way, consisting of two couples. Ron and I are going into our thirteenth year, and we consider ourselves partners for life; Will and I have been in our relationship for almost four years. When Will comes for the weekend, I sleep with him upstairs in the guest room. The rest of the week, I sleep with Ron in our master bedroom. When Will is here, the three of us do things together: attend movies or parties, go out to dinner, or have people in.

I am sure that the community of our friends in San Antonio is totally perplexed about our relationship. No one will ask directly, and they more than likely think that it is a ménage-a-trois. One or two have written us off, afraid that our ideas are too unconventional and could possibly be contagious. But the majority by far, whatever they think, are used now to including Will when Ron and I are invited to any weekend function, and to find Will as a third host when we have guests in. The only thing we do that we haven't gotten Will into is square dancing, and that is simply because he would have to make a trip to San Antonio in the middle of the week for classes. Last year, however, he went with us to the square dancers' convention as a "square-dance widow," the term used for non-dancing spouses who attend our conventions.

As Ron many times assured me, we have made room for Will in our family, and the three of us are richer for it. The details of the relationship that I could not envision and that caused Will such anxiety worked themselves out almost without our knowing it. What problems there were turned out to be misunderstandings attributable to conventional attitudes and required little more than rethinking.

For me, the arrangement was proved successful one Wednesday afternoon about six months after Ron moved to San Antonio. He and I were together in the kitchen getting dinner ready when he turned to me and asked:

"When is Will coming?"

"Friday, as usual," I replied.

"That's good," Ron said, "because I miss him already."

Then I knew that everything was as it should be.

KOKOPELLI, 59, is a free-lance writer and editor. He and his two life partners want to meet interesting individuals or couples who would like to exchange hospitality.

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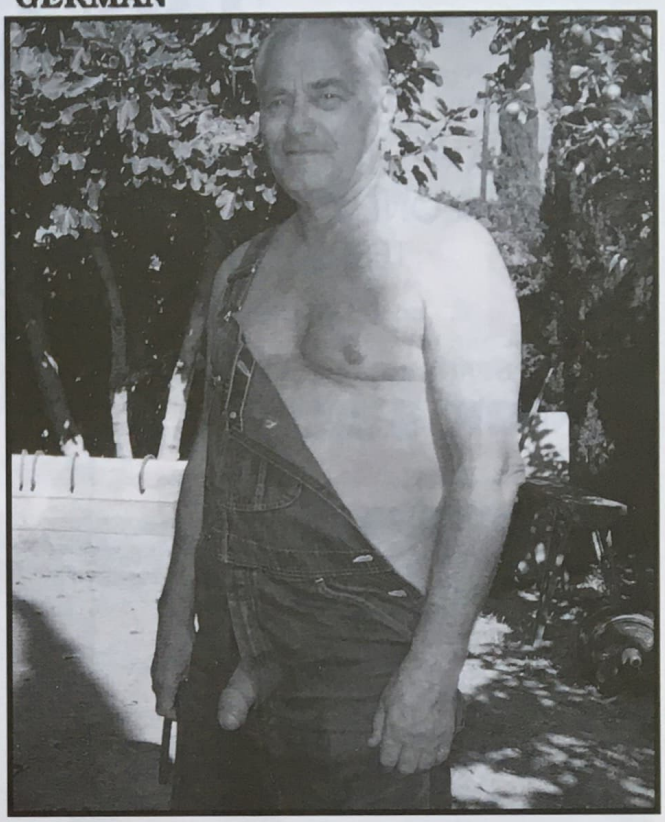

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$80 for Garden Rooms (345 available); $90 for Tower Rooms. (Note: Parking is not included.)

HOTEL RESERVATIONS

Are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling the Atlas Hotel chain toll-free number, (800) 77-ATLAS (772-8527). Tell the operator that you would like to make hotel reservations for the Chiron Rising Spring '96 Gathering at the Town & Country in San Diego. Foreign: call the Town & Country direct at (619) 291-7131. A prepayment of one night's deposit (by check, money order or major credit card) is required and is fully refundable if a written cancellation notice is received by the hotel more than 48 hours prior to arrival time.

Note: If you have difficulty getting around, make sure you tell the reservations clerk that you would like to be housed near the convention center.

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEE

Pay the hotel for your room. Pay CR for the functions. The following advance total package fee is per person:

Before 12/31/95:	$140
Before 4/30/96:	$160

Note: No registration sales will be made after 4/30/96. All registrations received with a postmark after that date will be returned. Sorry, no per-event badges will be available for purchase at the door.

Advance registration fees are fully refundable if cancellation is made prior to 12/31/95. If made thereafter but before 4/30/96, a cancellation charge of $20 will apply. No refunds will be available after 4/30/96. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate.

FUNCTION REGISTRATION AND CONFIRMATION

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited. Registration must be made using the proper form, which is available upon request

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

(Note: All events will utilize cash bars, which means that attendees must pay for their own beverages except for hospitality room coffee and beverages served with meals. CR will provide hors d'oeuvres during cocktail parties and receptions. We feel it is unfair to include the high cost of alcoholic beverages in the package price when so many attendees abstain from alcohol. The money is much better spent for food and entertainment.)

Friday, May 24th

1:00 pm to 4:00 pm - Registration

5:30 pm to 7:00 pm - Reception.

7:00 pm to 8:30 pm - Buffet.

8:30 pm to 12 m -Hospitality, Dancing and Entertainment at various locations.

Saturday, May 25th

10:00 am to 11:45 am - Workshops, Recitals, Art Exhibit.

2:00 pm to 3:45 pm - Workshops, Recitals, Art Exhibit.

5:30 pm to 7:00 pm - Cocktail Party.

7:00 pm to 10:00 pm - Hall of Fame Awards Banquet.

10:00 pm to 12:00 m - Hospitality, Entertainment, Dancing at various locations.

Sunday, May 26th

10:00 am to 11:45 am - Workshops, Recitals, Art Exhibit.

2:00 pm to 3;45 pm - Workshops, Recitals, Art Exhibit.

5:30 pm to 7:00 pm - Cocktail Party.

7:00 pm to 10:00 pm - Gala Dinner Show

10:00 pm to 12:00 m - Hospitality, Entertainment, Dancing at various locations.

Monday, May 27th

9:00 am to 10:30 am - Continental Breakfast, Farewells, Final Announcements.

ACT NOW BEFORE THE PRICE GOES UP!

Note that the price for registration goes from $140 to $160 effective 12/31/95. If you want to attend but have not completed a registration form, send us $140 before the deadline along with a request for a registration form. While you're waiting for the form, you can make your hotel reservation.

See you there!

PRICE LIST AND ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS

SIMPLY DROP US A NOTE AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST:

MAGAZINES

SUBSCRIPTIONS	U.S. FIRST CLASS AIRMAIL- CANADA/MEXICO CENTRAL/SO AMERICA	AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR and two semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR and one semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00
CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES		
#58, #59, #60, #61, #62, #63, #64, #65, #66, #67, #68, #69	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#2, #3, #4, #5, #6	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
ALL GLOSSY BACK ISSUES		
CR #70, CR CLASSICS #7	8.00 EA	10.00 EA

GATHERING VIDEO

	BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
ORLANDO '95 (VHS-NTSC)	19.95
ORLANDO '95 (VHS-PAL)	20.95
ADD SHIPPING AND HANDLING:	
UPS - Continental U.S.	4.00 EA
Priority Mail - HI, AK, PR; First Class Canada, Mexico, Cen/So America	4.00 EA
Air Mail Postage - Europe	6.00 EA
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	8.00 EA
Sales Tax for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Base Price	

(Note: VHS-NTSC is the system used in North America and Japan. VHS-PAL is used in Europe and Australia. VHS-SECAM is not available.)

BOOKS

QUINCUNX - (PERFECT BOUND ONLY - NO HARD BOUND AVAILABLE	10.95 EA
ADD - Shipping and Handling, North/Central/South America	4.00 EA
Shipping and Handling, Europe	6.00 EA
Shipping and Handling, Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	8.00EA
Sales Tax for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Base Price	

SORRY, NO COD OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS. ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF VIDEOS OR BOOKS. ALLOW 2 TO 5 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF MAGAZINES. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS.

Carefully itemize your purchase and make sure your name and address are PRINTED and legible. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash (U.S.$,DM, £, ¥, C$, A$) at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: IN ORDER FOR AN AD TO APPEAR IN ISSUE #72(FEB 96), IT MUST BE RECEIVED AT CR NO LATER THAN DECEMBER 15, 1995.

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65, preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking, traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply. Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."

50 words @ 30 ¢ = $ 15.00 X 3 Issues =	$45.00
Telephone confirmation	5.00
Total Enclosed	$50.00

My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

IN CLOSING

We get a lot of sad letters from men who are trapped in lives so restrictive and asexual that they feel incarcerated. One man told me recently that even though most gay penpals he'd sought advice from gave the same old tired answer ("Come out, come out, wherever you are!"), he held the belief that someone, somewhere would provide him with compassionate, sound answers.

This dilemma afflicting untold thousands of men has haunted me of late. We're gratified that so many of our readers have found lifemates and friends through CR, but there is that agonizing silence from the heartland, be it Goldsmith, Texas, or Berlin, New Hampshire. "Is there someone nearby for me? Your gatherings are too far away, and I'm stuck here." How many men discovered their homosexual desires late in life, after they'd made a commitment to follow another path? Do I tell them, "Move to San Francisco, go on welfare, and get your tits and dick pierced"? No, I tell them that there is always an answer, there is always *someone, somewhere*, perhaps closer than they think.

Sometimes I wonder, *Is this all there is to a movement? Is this all I can dream up?* Hey, this is serious business, as urgent as a call from someone who's settling on suicide or someone who's just lost his lifemate to cancer and doesn't know which way to turn. If a man's dream of fulfillment is denied, his spirit eventually breaks, and he begins to merely exist. His empty life offers no nourishment for his soul, no reason to fight off all the maladies that life can bring.

Life for men like us has never been better, thanks to the magazines and organizations that have sprung up over the past ten years, but much more needs to be done in order to reach the multitudes out of reach.

Then along comes R.A.M.O.S., an organization now existing only in the minds of a select few. For now, forget what the letters stand for. Know what all this means by putting yourself in this sample situation: You're pretty much trapped in Columbus, Nebraska. Your wife died three years ago, and your youngest daughter just got evicted from her apartment in Lincoln. She and her three kids just moved in with you. You haven't had sex in four years, and that was with some guy in a rest stop—the one where a guy was found murdered last month and where cops routinely bust love-starved men who have everything to lose. You subscribe to CR, but you never see any ads for men in your area. Naturally you think, *Hell, they don't have any readers up here except me.*

Then you read in CR that an organization called R.A.M.O.S. will be having a mini-gathering for older men and admirers in Omaha, Nebraska, the weekend of September 10th (hypothetical—this is a sample), and they expect about 50 to 100 guys from all over eastern Nebraska, western Iowa, northeast Kansas and northwest Missouri to attend. The one-day/night gathering will be held in a hotel meeting room, and the hotel's staff will only know that it is a group of men belonging to a low-key charitable organization. The hotel's name and address will not be published; rather, it will be divulged privately to men who call RAMOS in advance.

Myriad questions fill your head, to be sure:

1. Won't people get suspicious? Some of these guys can be pretty flamboyant.

CR doesn't attract flamboyant types. Anyone who's attended our gatherings will tell you that the CR crowd consists mostly of naturally masculine men.

2. I prefer anonymity, or at the very least, the utmost discretion. Can you assure me of that?

There will be no membership. Those who wish to attend a mini-gathering will be asked to pay a small fee at the door to help offset costs. Attendees may place any name they choose on their badges. No cameras will be allowed at the events. Attendees will not be pressured into subscribing to any magazine or offering their names to any list.

3. What kind of men are expected to respond to such a gathering?

Discreet, masculine, gay, bisexual, bi-curious, horny mostly-hetero-but-adventurous, non-cliquish, mostly non-openly gay, mostly senior, with an enthusiastic contingent of younger lovers of older men.

Something magical often happens when congenial strangers come together for a common cause. Look at all the wonderful things that can come out of such an event: finding a great sex partner or some good friends or even a life partner; forming a support group for everyone's benefit; driving the demon of loneliness from your life; organizing a great car pool for going to the next CR Spring Gathering or Prime Timers Convention or Big Men's Convergence.

So what's in it for the organizers of RAMOS? How about a whole lot of satisfaction over being able to do something for one's fellow man? If the RAMOS guys asked everyone to chip in $20 apiece, and 100 guys showed up, that $2,000 would really help take care of airfare, hotel, food and beverage costs.

A concern arose in my conversations with the RAMOS founders about infringing upon other organizations. Is this something that will conflict with Prime Timers or SAGE or any other group? The consensus is: impossible. RAMOS is an alternative to structured, membership-oriented social and support organizations, most of which operate in an urban environment and attract men who are less closeted.

In addition, the RAMOS organizers (rather discreet themselves) are concerned about CR readers' trust. As a result, and because we fully believe in what they want to do, Bruce and I will support them in this endeavor and lend them an element of credibility ... PROVIDED, however, that enough readers respond positively to this message.

We've been both burned and overwhelmed with previous attempts at mini-gatherings. One in Davis, California (near Sacramento) netted five attendees out of invitations to 30 men. And we paid for everything! On the other hand, the famous mini-gathering organized by Carl Lawrence in San Francisco brought 100 more than expected!

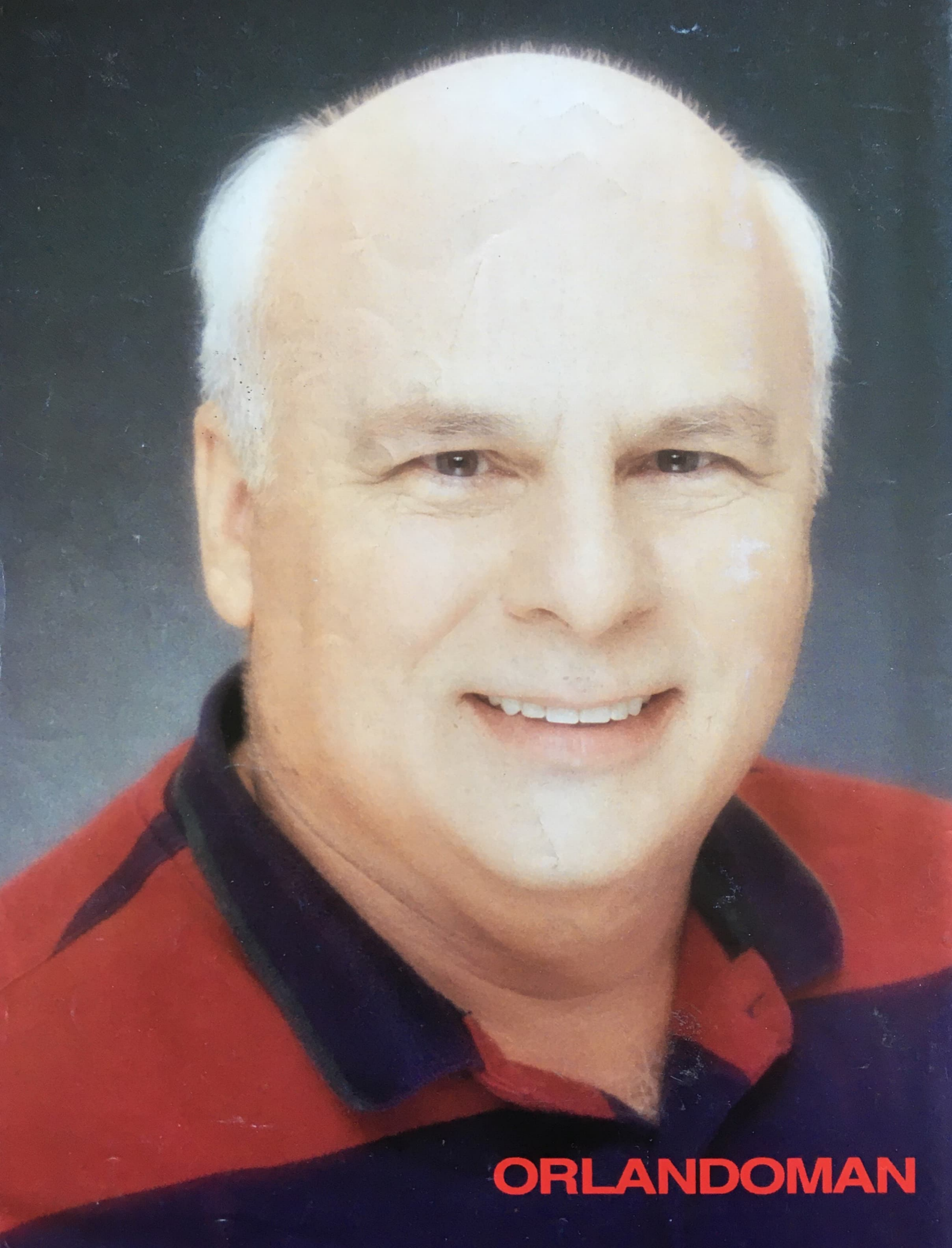
If you would like to see a mini-gathering come to your neck of the woods, write us (no need to give your name and address) or call us at (619) 868-6371. We need your feedback on behalf of RAMOS. If you would like to help organize a mini-gathering in your area, get in touch with us.

RAMOS has other projects on the burners as well. Eventually they may form a not for profit corporation and endeavor to become a very low-key, discreet philanthropic organization for the benefit of our own kind. Membership will be offered to those highly evolved and benevolent men who truly care about their fellow man and want to see something positive being done about the ravages of loneliness, grief, poverty and illness.

We're all for that. How about you?

Have a great holiday season!
Pat and all the gang at CR.

XEBEC
T.J.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